

'PLANES AND HOUNDS TO TRACK CRIMINALS?

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

A TRULY CLERICAL WEDDING.



The Hon. Sylvia Kitson, eldest daughter of Lord Airedale, after her marriage to the Rev. Halstead Connor, vicar of St. Mark's Woodhouse, Leeds. The bridegroom's two brothers also took part in the wedding, the Rev. S. L. Connor (left) acting as best man, whilst the Rev. R. W. L. Connor (right) assisted in the service, which was conducted at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

NEW VISIT TO DOWNING STREET.



Miss Maguire (left) and Miss Dorothy Evans, who made another call yesterday at No. 10 to lay before the Premier the grievances of their colleagues in the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries. The return of the Premier rendered their proposed aeroplane flight to Paris unnecessary.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.



Mrs. Seymour, of Marylebone-road, with her little twelve-year-old daughter, to whose prompt action she owes her life. The child extinguished her mother's burning nightdress with a jug of water.



Miss Eastman, late a member of the Q.M.A.A.C., who has died of consumption. Her case attracted considerable attention recently, when she was refused a disability pension by the Ministry.

CORNISH MYSTERY.



Mrs. Laura Sara, housekeeper to Mr. Joseph Hoare, the Cornish cattle dealer. Both were discovered unconscious in front of their farmhouse at Skinner's Bottom, near Trow, and died shortly afterwards. The inquest has been adjourned until February 12.

CARPENTIER AND COMRADES OF THE WAR



Carpentier signs the visitors' book at the Comrades of the War Club at Manchester, where he will give an exhibition of his boxing ability. He was received by M. Emile Picot de Mores, the French Consul, and with his manager was accorded an enthusiastic welcome.

ARE MEN MORE VAIN THAN WOMEN?

Feminine Love of Finery Held To Be a Fallacy.

THAT 'NEW HAT' FEELING

Lady M. Parry on a Row of Bare Backs at a Theatre.

Men are quite as vain as women, contends Dr. Sloan Chesser, who lectured yesterday at the Institute of Hygiene on "Clothing and Its Influence on Comfort and Contentment."

She suggests, indeed, that men are more vain, and emphasised her point by quoting the biological fact that all through the animal species the female was less beautiful, less vain, and less influenced by personal adornment than the male.

The popular supposition that clothing exercised a special fascination upon women was a fallacy with no more foundation than the idea that women were better looking than men. When dress was considered from the hygienic point of view it was frequently found that too many garments were worn by the poor and too few by the rich.

CHILDREN "SEWN UP."

How Some Poor Mothers Blunder—A New Hat as a Tonic.

There were mothers who sewed their children up in winter clothes about October, and neither changed the clothes nor bathed the children until March.

It was frequently found that too many garments were worn by the poor and too few by the rich. She had examined children in the elementary schools who wore thirteen different articles of clothing, while girls of a different social class appeared to consider that—at least for evening wear—more than two garments and a dress was frumpy.

Five garments was a fair average, and these should be loose, light and porous.

In footwear women sacrificed the hygienic to the artistic. Many cases of influenza and pneumonia could be prevented by a universal decree that every girl who went away from home should wear light woollen stockings and good-soled boots or shoes.

"ROW OF BARE BACKS."

Dress had a tremendous influence on mentality. The nervous, depressed type of woman responded well to the stimulus of beautiful clothes.

A new hat might have a greater therapeutic stimulative value than any tonic.

Questions and discussion were invited. Lady Maud Parry suggested that the reason for very low-backed evening dresses was that the fronts were cut so low that unless the backs were also cut very low for evening wear it would be impossible to distinguish between day and evening dresses.

To her mind the nude was always improved by some amount of drapery, and a row of bare backs at the theatre was by no means entertaining.

THREE BROTHER CLERICS

Priests as Bridegroom and Best Man at Pretty Wedding.

Three brothers, each in Holy Orders, figured in a wedding ceremony at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday.

The bridegroom was the Rev. H. L. Connor, who was married to the Hon. Sylvia Kitson. The Rev. R. W. L. Connor assisted in the service, and the Rev. S. L. Connor acted as best man.

The bride, who was given away by her father, Lord Airedale, had chosen the traditional white satin and orange blossoms, but the gown was beautifully draped and the flowing veil of old Honiton lace was much admired by various on-lookers as she made her way into the church.

JURY STOP CASE.

Dramatic End to Allegations Against Irish Clergyman—Verdict for Canon.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Wednesday. There was a dramatic ending to-day to the action brought before Mr. Justice Kenny by Private C. Fitch, R.A.M.C., against the Rev. Canon Twist-Whatham, against whom allegations of misconduct with plaintiff's wife were made.

After Canon Twist-Whatham's evidence, the jury stopped the case and found a verdict for the defendant, adding that he left the court without a stain on his character.

SERVED 50 YEARS IN ONE FAMILY.

The funeral took place yesterday at Stoke Newington of Miss Mary Lantier, aged eighty, who for almost fifty years had been in the continuous service of the late Rev. Robert Baggie, formerly Congregational Minister at Scarborough.

TO FIGHT THE 'FLU.

Ministry of Health's New Vaccine

—Watching the Ports.

DISEASE SPREADS IN U.S.

The Ministry of Health has for many months been investigating the conditions which cause the spread of influenza at home and abroad.

As a result a vaccine against influenza has been prepared and is now being issued to medical officers for distribution free of charge among practitioners in their districts.

It is not guaranteed as an absolute protection, but experience justifies the belief that its use will, in many cases, actually protect from attack.

Steps have also been taken to protect the country from the introduction of influenza through the ports.

In London last week the number of influenza deaths was twenty-four as compared with nineteen in the previous week.

U.S. Influenza Wave.—Reuter's New York correspondent wires that in New York 3,663 new cases and sixty-seven deaths were reported yesterday. In Chicago there were 1,376 cases and ninety-six deaths.

In the same period 12 deaths from pneumonia were reported in New York, and ninety-one in Chicago.

FAILED FOUR TIMES.

Marquis of Queensberry Says Wife Agreed to Give Him £1,500 a Year.

Stated to have been the fourth time he had failed, Percy Sholto Douglas, Marquis of Queensberry, described as of an address in Piccadilly, attended a meeting of his creditors held yesterday in the Bankruptcy Court under a winding order made at the instigation of his estate on January 15.

While the winding order had been made against the Marquis, the Official Receiver stated that having order had been made against the debtor's estate, but the three previous orders had been annulled. A scheme of arrangement having been approved under two of them.

The Marquis of Queensberry, Canada his wife paid into the Royal Bank of Canada a sum of £1,500, which she undertook when they were married to settle on him yearly. The settlement, however, had never been executed, and he attributed his insolvency to this fact.

The case was left in the hands of the Official Receiver for administration in bankruptcy.

"AN ABSOLUTE FRAUD."

Police Story of Man Who Signed Himself Town Clerk and Chief Constable.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SCARBOROUGH, Wednesday. The Scarborough magistrates listened to an extraordinary case to-day when William John Judge, twenty-six, whose parents were said to reside at Islington, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour on four charges of larceny.

The Chief Constable said the man appeared to be an absolute fraud. When arrested he was wearing four miniature medals—D.C.M., Mont Badges and Croix de Guerre—whereas he had been a deserter and twice convicted of stealing. He had also stolen official corporation note-paper and written letters and signed himself Town Clerk and Chief Constable.

£20,000 FOR RESEARCH.

Gift by the Brothers Joel to Promote the Cure of Cancer.

Mr. S. B. Joel and Mr. J. B. Joel have given £20,000 for the endowment of a Chair of Physics in the Middlesex Hospital School.

This announcement was made yesterday afternoon at a meeting of the Senate of the University of London. The gift was made as a result of the stress laid by the Prince of Wales at the festival dinner of the Middlesex Hospital on the importance of scientific research in the medical school at the hospital. Lord Alhorne, chairman of the hospital, explained the position to Mr. S. B. Joel, who discussed it with his brother, Mr. J. B. Joel. Being particularly interested in the treatment of cancer, owing to their having founded the Barnato-Joel Charity, the brothers decided to give support to the work, which had given promise of the greatest results in the treatment of this disease.

Degrees of Commerce.—The thanks of the London University yesterday were accorded to the General Committee to Promote the Institution of Degrees in Commerce for a gift of £50,000 to the Senate to be devoted to the extension of the buildings of the London School of Economics.

NEW LONDON MAGISTRATE.

The appointment was announced last night of Mr. A. C. Chalmers to be Metropolitan Police Magistrate in succession to Mr. E. W. Garrett, who is to retire.

CO-RESPONDENT 78.

Divorce Decree Against House-keeper to Retired Pilot.

"NOT TO MY KNOWLEDGE."

A co-respondent cited in the Divorce Court yesterday, before Mr. Justice Hill, was a retired river pilot, seventy-eight years of age.

The petitioner was Robert Montgomery Cox, of Flookburgh, Lancashire, who asked for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of his wife's alleged misconduct with Henry Wilson.

Petitioner married respondent in 1898, and some years later they separated. The wife sued her husband for maintenance, but the summons was dismissed.

Mrs. Cox said she had never committed misconduct with the old gentleman who was the co-respondent. She went to live with him as housekeeper about 1904.

Co-respondent, in evidence, said he was a first-class pilot on the Mersey, and retired on his pension in 1904. He would be seventy-eight next birthday. His wife died in 1902.

A decree nisi was granted.

THIRD TRY SUCCEEDED.

Motor Thieves Baffled at Two Garages Get a Car from Another.

Motor thieves are very active in the London suburbs just now. Their favourite hours for carrying out operations are between 8 and 11 p.m.—a time which does not excite suspicion. A few nights ago luck was dead against the car-natchers. The motor of the car in one garage into which they broke could not be started, and a Rolls-Royce from another place had to be left in the road for want of petrol.

Determined not to be beaten, however, the thieves entered another garage in the neighbourhood and this time they managed to get away with a car.

54-SHILLING COSTUMES.

250,000 (British-made) To Be Offered for Sale Shortly in Paris.

If you want a cheap costume (British made) go to Paris.

The Paris Municipal Council will shortly offer 250,000 costumes made by a British firm at 54s. per costume.

FAMINE IN BUTTER.

English and Irish Produce to Cost 6s. and 6s. per lb.—No State Supplies Soon.

"Butter will soon be as great a luxury as caviare," said the manager of one of the largest provision stores in London yesterday to *The Daily Mirror*.

"English and Irish butter will shortly rise to 5s. and 6s. a lb., and that figure will be maintained for a month or six weeks, when it may drop to 4s."

"The Government supplies will be exhausted in April, and no renewals will be made, as the purchase price is 3s. 3d. a lb. and the sale price 2s. 8d."

WHEN SPIRITS RAN HIGH.

Magistrate Confesses To Being Mixed Up in Street Row Forty Years Ago.

"Forty years ago I was involved in a street row, and the result was two of my friends had to appear at the police court," said Mr. Bankes, of the South-Western Police Court magistrates yesterday, adding: "They were not hooligans, but simply gave way to high spirits."

He was dealing with charges of assault on the "beat" during a disturbance at Mit-cham, and Frank Stone (twenty-one), stated to have thrown a missile at Frederick Stokes (forty), alleged to have kicked two policemen, were sentenced, Stone to three and Stokes to six weeks' imprisonment respectively.

"HOPELESS" LIBERALS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Wednesday. Although Sir John Simon to-day poured forth eloquence, it is impossible to raise enthusiasm for the Liberal cause in Ashton-under-Lyne.

Several Liberals, regarding their candidate's task as "hopeless," have indicated that they will vote for Sir Walter de Frece.

BACK FROM IRISH TOUR.

The Labour Party delegates who have been touring Ireland to investigate the political situation left Belfast last night on their return home. In a statement, Mr. Adamson said: "We have had very valuable information placed before us, and we have seen things which have impressed us, and things which have depressed us."

'RECITED LOVE VERSE IN HIS BEDROOM.'

Wife's Story of Lodger Who Wrote Poetry.

HER GOLFING HUSBAND.

Tells of Her Son's Serenade "with a Jew's Harp."

A story of a lodger who, it was said, recited love passages to himself in his bedroom was told in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Mr. Justice McCordie continued the hearing of the suit of Mr. Albert Richard Whiting, solicitor's clerk, of Bath, asking for the dissolution of his marriage because of the alleged misconduct of his wife with Harry G. Botwright, who is now in a lunatic asylum.

The wife denied misconduct, and asked for a judicial separation on the ground of her husband's alleged cruelty, which he denied.

Mrs. Whiting, giving evidence, said her husband had "mental outbursts," and he drank. Once he took up a carving knife and threatened to kill her.

Mr. Cotes-Predy: Did you object to your husband playing golf?

Witness: Yes—much. He used to go every evening and every Saturday and Sunday, and we hardly saw him.

Witness added that when Mr. Botwright came as a lodger he informed witness that he was a discharged soldier, and had had paralysis of the brain.

HUMAN NATURE FACT.

Judge on "When a Man Writes to a Woman."

She thought he was mentally deficient, as he was always writing poetry, and when in his bedroom he was always quoting love passages to himself.

The witness said that a letter that her husband had found in a vegetable dish, addressing her by her pet name, "Bert," and signed, "Yours, Wolf," was from a soldier-boy who lived in London.

The Judge: The tone of a man's letters to a woman is governed by the attitude of the woman to him before he has written the letters. That is a fundamental fact of human nature.

Asked about her son, Mrs. Whiting said that he was a "bad boy."

He had once played the Jew's harp for two hours outside of one of the women lodger's bedrooms.

John Lock, who married petitioner's sister (now dead), said Mr. Whiting was very excitable and violent-tempered.

In the September following their marriage, said witness, one night he was aroused by cries of "Murder!"

Mr. Cotes-Predy: Had he anything in his hand?

Witness: Oh, yes, unfortunately, in his hand he had a carving knife, ready to plunge into me. I did what any sensible person would do—rendered her first aid.

Would it surprise you to know that you have been under restraint on three separate occasions since marriage? All sorts of things take place in lifetime.

The hearing was adjourned.

SHE WOULD TELL THEM.

Magistrate and a Woman Who "Ought To Be in Parliament."

A woman, who is a tenant of a house on the New Southwark Bridge approach, told the Tower Bridge magistrates yesterday:—"It is all very well for these officials to try and turn out a man and wife and seven children when people can get whom they choose and what rent they like."

Mr. Bingley: You ought to be in Parliament. The woman: I wish I were. I would tell them something about the housing question!

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Today's Weather.—Wind mainly between S.E. and S.W., moderate or fresh; some rain, fairer intervals. No great change of temperature.

An unknown woman has given £1,000 in war scrip to the Central Church Fund.

Mr. Lloyd George will receive a deputation of Government women clerks to-morrow.

Airmen have reported enormous shoals of herrings and sprats approaching the mouth of the Elbe, says a Berlin wireless.

Mr. Balfour's Nephew—Mr. Gerald Balfour, only son of the Right Hon. Gerald Balfour, is seriously ill as the result of a motor-cycling accident.

London Rates Up.—At the London Education Committee yesterday it was stated that the average total rate for London shows an increase of 1s. 3d. in the pound over that of the previous year.

To Sweden In Nine Hours.—Despite fog and snow, Colonel G. L. P. Henderson, M.C., A.F.C., has flown from Hounslow to Helsingborg (Sweden) in nine hours, making calls at Hamburg and Copenhagen.

AEROPLANES AND BLOODHOUNDS TO CHECK CRIME

Growing Roll of Unsolved Mysteries—Is Detective System Antiquated?

"THE YARD" BEATEN BY BRAINY CRIMINALS.

The wave of crime and the increasing roll of unsolved mysteries are causing the utmost alarm and concern throughout the country.

A special commissioner of *The Daily Mirror*, who has been investigating the subject of unsolved crimes states that the fault lies with Scotland Yard's antiquated system.

He advocates the employment of aeroplanes—for time is a main factor—and of bloodhounds, and he also declares that detective work must be put on a higher professional plane, and the best brains in the country attracted to the work of crime detection.

PUZZLES WHICH HAVE BAFFLED THE C.I.D.

The Mysteries of Hastings Train, Chelsea and Truro.

A DUEL OF THINKERS.

By Our Special Commissioner.

A wave of crime is sweeping through the country.

Murders, burglaries, the "holding up" of banks and post-offices, and daring thefts by motor-car bandits are occurring with a regularity that is positively alarming.

Everybody is talking about this crime wave; and everybody is asking—

Is the crime-detective machinery of the country out of date?

Is the master criminal a much more intelligent man than the detective whose duty it is to catch him?

Writing with something like twenty years' journalistic experience of crime, criminals and detectives, and especially of what is known as murder mysteries, I am forced to the conclusion that those who are responsible for the detection of serious crime in this country are not only out of date in their methods, but that the public safety demands the employment of an entirely different type of detective.

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES.

At the present time the police—led by Scotland Yard—are engaged in dealing with three unsolved murders. They are trying to find out who killed—

(1) Mrs. Frances Buxton, the landlady of the Cross Keys Public-house, Chelsea.

(2) Nurse Florence Nightingale Shore, in a London to Bexhill train.

(3) Mr. Joseph Hoare, a Cornish cattle dealer, and his housekeeper, Laura Sara, near Truro.

There are other unsolved murder mysteries still fresh in the public mind, including the death of Nellie Rault, a W.A.A.C., at Bedford last summer, and a mill girl in a lane at Leicester a few weeks later.

In both these cases the services of some of the best detectives available were called in, but nothing tangible resulted. The murderers escaped—much advertised "clues" came to nought.

IS "THE YARD" UP TO DATE?

Aid of Aeroplanes and Bloodhounds Not Enlisted.

That there are far too many weak links in our detective system and that the professional criminal has discovered this and improved his criminal, educational, and accordingly is an opinion that is gaining strength.

The guiding soul of the detective department in this country is Scotland Yard. Here are popularly supposed to be housed the "last words" in the detective world. The very name of Scotland Yard is believed to strike terror into the heart of a criminal. But does it?

Is Scotland Yard up to date? Is it able to reconstruct a crime with the necessary scientific skill that will checkmate the master criminal? Does "the Yard," in fact, move with the times or possess sufficient "imagination" to deduct the motive for a particular crime?

ANTIQUATED METHODS.

Bloodhounds are supposed to be particularly helpful in tracking down a murderer. Why were they not used in either of the big crimes that have occurred during the last three weeks?

Aeroplanes are quicker than trains. An old-time complaint of Scotland Yard was that the local police never sought their aid until too late.

In the case of the Cornish murder the county police evoked their assistance early on Monday morning. The weather was ideal for flying, and an aeroplane was sent to search for the bloodhounds from London to Cornwall—a distance of some 270 miles—in four hours.

A smart business firm, if urgent business had been at stake, would have called in the aeroplane at once. Scotland Yard detectives, with the hunt for a murderer at stake—a hunt in which every minute is precious—preferred more antiquated methods.

There is only one way to check crime—only one way to make it difficult for the professional

criminal to carry on his nefarious work without fear of being run to earth, and that is to improve the education and training of your detective.

The Home Office must wake up. It must put the detection of crime on a much higher professional plane.

It must raise the status of the detective. It must be made financially possible for the detection of crime to attract to its calling some of the best brains in the country.

The policeman-promoted detective must, with certain exceptions, be a thing of the past. Many of these men—and I write from experience—have done excellent work in the past, but not infrequently there has been a painful limitation to their powers of detection and observation.

The modern criminal is a highly-trained individual—brains must be fought with brains—and if the present wave of crime is to be stopped there must be a drastic alteration in our present antiquated methods of bringing criminals to book.

Cornish Murder.—The Cornish murder riddle is still unsolved; the dead man's money bag is still missing, although search has been made of the house.

U.S.A. £1,000 CHALLENGE.

Can Sir Oliver Lodge Communicate with Spirit World?

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

Mr. Joseph Rinn, a former member of the Society for Psychical Research, who was active in exposing "mediums," has deposited with the society a challenge of £1,000, which he is prepared to forfeit if Sir Oliver Lodge or any other person can produce a medium who will offer the slightest evidence of the practicability of communication with the spirit world under scientific conditions.

He further offers a similar sum in the event of a medium being able to read a letter which was written to him by the late Dr. Richard Hodgson just before his death and which Mr. Rinn is retaining for the purpose of a test.—Central News.

Sir Oliver Lodge.

War Record of Guns on the £35,000,000 Heligoland Fortress.

The destruction of the fortifications of Heligoland, says Reuter's special correspondent, has not been completed, and the Germans estimate that it will take seven years, as owing to shortage of labour few men are employed.

The defences cost £35,000,000 and the Heligoland guns only fired once during the war—and that was at H.M.S. Shannon.

The ground on which the barracks stand, to reclaim which from the sea a multitude of Germans worked for years at a cost of millions of pounds, is to be returned to the sea. It is not to be blown up, but, so to speak, shovelled back, as any other method would involve damage to the island, the real island.

"ALL DRIED UP" IN U.S.

When an American seaman was charged at the Thames Police Court yesterday with being drunk, the magistrate, Mr. Rooth, asked him if he did it because he could not get drink in his own country.

That's it," prisoner replied, "can't get anything there; it's all dried up."

"A GREAT COMMOTION."

The Germans, in a Note to the Allies, says an Exchange Copenhagen message, say the extradition of the ex-Kaiser would bring about a great commotion.

GABY DESLYS ILL AGAIN.

Mr. Gaby Deslys, whose recovery after an operation gave such satisfaction to her admirers, has had a relapse and is again back in a Paris hospital.

Mill Hill School has given a Samoyede sled dog to Mr. J. L. Cope, the Antarctic explorer.

SECRETARY FOR INDIA ILL.

The Right Hon. E. S. Montagu, Secretary of State for India, is confined to his room suffering from the strain of overwork.

MR. ASQUITH'S ATTACK ON THE COALITION.

Says It Is "Under Sentence of Death—Execution or Suicide."

Candidates.—Mr. J. A. D. MacKean (C.O.U.), Mr. H. H. Asquith (L.), Mr. J. M. Biggar (Lab.). Polling.—February 12.

"I never made a statement with greater confidence than that the Coalition is under sentence of death, and the only question is whether it is to end its days by suicide or at the hands of the executioner."

So said Mr. Asquith, addressing a meeting of Paisley electors last night. Other points in his speech were:—

An Hereditary Chamber is an anachronism nowadays, and the House of Lords should be substituted by a smaller Chamber, constituted by nomination and election.

"There must be a change in the Imperial system and the Colonies will have to be more consulted."

Addressing mill girls during the day, Mr. Asquith said: "Stick to your Liberalism."

LONDON'S GUESTS ARRIVE.

Round of Festivity for Rumanian Premier and Paris Counsellors.

M. Vaida Voevod, the Rumanian Prime Minister, arrived in London last night to discuss questions arising out of the Peace Conference and to endeavour to promote closer relations between this country and Rumania.

A Government luncheon will be given in M. Voevod's honour to-day, and to-morrow he will be entertained to luncheon by the Lord Mayor.

Headed by Mr. Adrian Oudin, eight members of the Paris Municipal Council also reached London last night. The party are the guests of the London County Council.

CHEAPER COAL DEMAND.

Miners' Ultimatum to Premier—Conference Adjourned for Expert's Report.

A conference between the Prime Minister and the Miners' Federation executive took place yesterday.

A Downing-street official statement says that the federation asked for an immediate and considerable reduction in the price of industrial coal followed by Government action to reduce the cost of commodities now produced in factories or alternatively the consideration by the Government of an application by this federation for an advance in wages consequent on the high cost of living.

The Prime Minister replied that the report of the independent accountant employed by the Government to investigate the financial position of the federation was not complete, but it would be ready for consideration to-day. When prepared it would be submitted to the Miners' Federation, who could meet the Prime Minister afterwards for a discussion.

The Miners' executive agreed to this plan.

ONLY FIRED ONCE.

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AMERICA DOUBTS THE 'MARS MESSAGE' THEORY.

"Signals Due to Disturbances of the Sun," Say Savants.

ASTRONOMERS' VIEWS.

"No Apparatus Strong Enough to Receive Communications."

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

American scientists for the most part smile at the mysterious wireless messages supposed to come from somewhere off the earth—possibly Mars. Others disagree openly with Senator Marconi's suggestion that another planet may be trying to talk to us.

Mr. G. Whittier Pickard, an electrical engineer, of Boston, and the inventor of the instrument used by the Government for receiving messages from Europe throughout the war, believes that the messages noted by wireless operators are caused by the atmosphere electrically resulting from disturbances of the sun.

Professor Eric Doolittle, of the University of Pennsylvania, does not agree that the impulses registered by wireless proceed from another world, in spite of the fact that Nicola Tesla and Thomas Edison have likewise seen strange manifestations which they believe came from some far-away planet.

"MARS TOO EASY."

Planet Barred in French Prizes for "Contact" with Another World.

Astronomers in general display a good deal of suspicion at the "Marian" theories, that we may possibly be able to communicate with other planets by means of wireless.

"The most powerful wireless apparatus we have is puny compared with that which would be necessary to send or receive impulses from Mars," said a leading expert to me.

Professor Branly is sceptical as to the possibility of receiving messages from planets, says a Reuter Paris message.

He points out that if the sounds registered be attributed to an attempt on the part of a planet to communicate with us, it must be supposed that the beings inhabiting it have not only reached a degree of civilisation compatible with our own, but that their language must also be somewhat similar to ours.

The professor recalled that at the Academy of Science it was recently decided that a prize of 100,000 francs would be paid to the first man to establish communication with another planet, Mars being ruled out, however, as being too easy.

An interesting opinion was given to *The Daily Mirror* by Dr. W. H. Eccles, who has made a special study of these strange sounds, which are known to every wireless operator.

"In the great majority of cases these 'strays,' or 'atmospherics,' are undoubtedly caused by electrical phenomena in the air," he said.

"Ten years ago I conducted experiments with Mr. H. Morris on this question of 'strays.' We held simultaneous tests in London and Newcastle.

"When our notes were compared, the record of 'strays' was practically the same, thus proving that they are simultaneously heard over a large area."

"BRAVEST FEAT IN FIRE SERVICE."

"One of the bravest feats ever performed in fire service," was how, at the adjourned inquest of the Newcastle film fire, the superintendent of the brigade described the action of Fireman Brown.

Brown climbed a hook ladder swinging to a cornice and then, walking along the cornice to the apex of the building, he lowered a ladder to another escape.

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Mill Hill School has given a Samoyede sled dog to Mr. J. L. Cope, the Antarctic explorer.

SECRETARY FOR INDIA ILL.

The Right Hon. E. S. Montagu, Secretary of State for India, is confined to his room suffering from the strain of overwork.

INSPECTOR TO WATCH PROFITEERS.

From 200 applicants, Bermondsey Profiteering Committee yesterday appointed an inspector at £4 10s. a week.

INSPECTOR TO WATCH PROFITEERS.

From 200 applicants, Bermondsey Profiteering Committee yesterday appointed an inspector at £4 10s. a week.

ROWNTREE'S FREE Gift to every Child



This Painting Book is to be presented FREE by the proprietors of ROWNTREE'S ELECT COCOA to every child who sends Twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing.

IN order to draw attention to the great value of Cocoa to children, Messrs. Rowntree & Co. will give a beautiful Ninepenny "Painting Book" with pictures in bright colours and outline by the celebrated artist, Will Owen, and the already famous new and original verses by Reginald Arkell.

The book will provide many delightful hours for the children. It will amuse them and it will educate them by training their feeling for Art and for colour and for really clever verse.

Write to-day so as to be one of the first to get this beautiful book.

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No cause to worry about young appetites when Karo Syrup is on the table! KARO on bread is as good as KARO—AND wholesome or porridge—it saves sugar all round.

Cakes, puddings, tarts, fruit dishes, porridge—all gain new deliciousness from the delicate flavour of KARO—AND wholesome sweets made in your own kitchen with this crystal-clear syrup.

KARO supplies the warmth and energy of sugar in a more digestible form. It is pure and wholesome, pours out easily, and its just-right sweetness never cloy the palate.

THE MORE DELICIOUS
SYRUP WITH 100 USES.

Karo Syrup



The spread for bread

Ask your Grocer for Karo Syrup, in 2-lb. nett air-tight tins—price 1/6 per tin. Can also be supplied in 5-lb. and 10-lb. nett air-tight tins. per 2-lb. nett tin.

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OXO

PRICE UNCHANGED

While the cost of other foods has enormously increased, the price of OXO remains the same.

Hospitals, Institutions and Nursing Homes all over the country use OXO in place of beef-tea and thus save thousands of pounds annually, besides securing better dietetic results. Similarly in the home, OXO creates a higher standard of living—more nourishing food—and better health and well-being all round, while keeping down food-expenditure.

OXO MAKES YOUR INCOME GO FARTHER

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1920.

A SPIRITUALISTIC COMMISSION?

Let a Commission be named, and let it be composed of physiologists, doctors, chemists, and men accustomed to estimating the value of evidence. Let that Commission select a dead body; ascertain that it is dead indeed; appoint a room for the experiment; and regulate all the necessary precautions so as to leave doubt out of the question. If, under these conditions, the resurrection of the dead body were to take place, a probability amounting almost to certainty would be established....

So wrote Ernest Renan, in 1868. He was speaking of the vexed problem of miracles, and particularly of the miracle of physical resurrection. He would no doubt speak in the same sense to-day of spirit messages and communications from the other world. Let a Commission be appointed!

The modern world is not too sceptical. It does not invariably scoff. It is agnostic. It wants to know. It is in a mood to believe, solicited as it is by regret and memory.

To help its unbelief, we have the assured orthodoxes, the older faiths. They ask us to wait. But then, in immediate consolation, and largely opposed by the Churches, comes the "new" religion of spiritualism—really very old, but now showing itself anew in a world, better accustomed to estimate evidence, a world where there are "chemists, doctors, biologists." And never do these experiments take place before such a Commission.

One scientist, two, three, are converted individually. We have their accounts of it all. We note their prepossessions. Let them appeal to their colleagues and submit the evidence to them in a body appointed for the purpose.

Otherwise? They come, they must come, under the old suspicion—their faith creates its own illusion. They believe what they want to believe. On that principle, all history shows, men can believe and have believed anything, from witchcraft and divination to the shrieks of mandrakes and the good old-fashioned spook with a shroud and chains clanking at his ankles.

COMFORT AND CLOTHES.

THIS was the subject of a learned discourse in London yesterday. "Clothes and commonsense" it might have better been named. The problem is difficult: how to get people to dress sensibly, which people have rarely done.

We leave to Sartor-Resartorial philosophers the task of discovering whether clothes influence us, or we clothes; we suggest merely that the person and the dress interact; dress being chosen by the man or woman, partly according to taste and temperament; that same dress then, in turn, modifying the ways and character of the man or woman carrying it. These deep speculations are in the abstract. If we want to be practical, we must ask what signs there are, after the war, of a change in our modern costume, particularly as it affects men, the drab multitude, with its impossible hats and black stuffs and boots.

We can only discern one sign of change herein; and that may be summed up as the tendency towards softness.

The hard collar—just responsible for another strangulation death—is evidently attacked; possibly doomed. The harder hats are much less used. A certain negligence is more and more permitted. Prices, laundries, shortages have much to do with this. But taste or deliberate choice has more.

If, very gradually, the hard goes, and the soft triumphs, we shall undoubtedly get a step towards the comfort with clothes recommended by the scientific discourse yesterday.

W. M.

SHOULD AGENCIES DO OUR SHOPPING?

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS WE MEN MIGHT BE SPARED.

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

WHY doesn't somebody start a shopping agency which would relieve people from the tedium of buying at counters?

Here am I wanting to replenish my wardrobe with not a moment to spare and possessed of a disinclination to "shop." There is no agency to which I can appeal and the "big houses" have too much on hand to trouble over individual cases.

If I want to go to Cairo or Tokio I can ring up an agency which will secure my tickets and hotels. It will look after my baggage and provide me with an interpreter if I wish. The smallest detail is given attention and the worries of travel are reduced to a minimum. If I want to go to a theatre I can also secure seats through an agency. There are com-

him he is mistaken. That brown suit I had in mind would have pleased me to the uttermost. Now I am afflicted with a sense of thwarted desire and a sense of responsibility towards that odorous garment which reminds me, through the nose, of a wet day on the Western Highlands.

All these troubles would have been avoided had I had a shopping agency at command. I should have telephoned to say that I wanted a brown suit, and a brown suit it would have been. I should also have told them I wanted a tie and socks to match. They, too, would have arrived. Now I know full well that if I went in for a tie to match I should emerge with a canary-coloured waistcoat, several pairs of jazz socks and half a dozen jazz ties. Moreover, I should have bought handkerchiefs with a scarlet base and two or three pink shirts. And spent a week of misery afterwards endeavouring to get this burden out of sight and out of mind.

A right-minded shopping-agency would

THE TRIALS OF MARRIAGE AFTER THE WAR.—No. 9.



Expenses pour upon the newly-married. To meet them, the young wife tries to find a job. And she is treated as a pocket-money profiteer!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

papies to do this, that and the other, but none to perform such useful service as shopping.

There must be thousands of people like me who are a nuisance to shop assistants. We go in, say, determined at all costs to have a brown suit. But the moment our eyes travel over the samples we become seized with indecision.

We wander through the stock of blues, blacks, greys from the neatest cashmere to blatant tweed. We hum and hah, finger everything about six times, and then decide to have a Scots product which is "redolent of heather and peat." Not, be it noted, that we desire either suiting or scent, but some whim has taken the place of judgment—and there we are.

And there also in due course is the Scots tweed suit plus the moorland fragrance. Of course, that shopping excursion was a dreadful misadventure. A brown suit was the want; a brown suit is still the want.

I don't blame the shop assistant. I blame myself. I ought to have "known better" and do "a job better." Yet those caprices are part of my make-up, and they are part and parcel of the temperament of countless other people who haven't the courage to make honest confession. The shop assistant thought, no doubt, I was difficult to please. But I assure

send a discreet man to get our annual requirements. We should tell him how many suits we needed and tell him to "supply the harmony," as they say at smoking concerts.

We should instruct him when to send presents on birthdays to all the aunts, sisters-in-law and cousins on the list. He would relieve us of all care and possibility of confusion. He would never send successively two clocks to our dearest aunt from whom we are diligently seeking remembrance.

Nobody to whom we should send gifts would be forgotten, and all their individual tastes could be catered for. Indeed, he might open up discreet negotiations with relatives as to their desires and wants. They, too, would benefit by the attentions of the agency man.

That the great business houses would prosper by the setting-up of these agencies is manifest. Shop-shy people have many wants which they refuse to gratify owing to their dislike of crowded shops and the making of purchases even of a minor character.

The shopping agency would have a function to fulfil in regard to the public resembling in some respects that of the wholesaler to the retailer. I think my proposal will therefore be carried with acclamation.

HAVE DOCTORS FAILED?

THEIR INABILITY TO PREVENT OR TO CURE UNIVERSAL COMPLAINTS.

THE COLD.

YOUR readers complain justly of the universal cold. No doctor can cure or prevent these colds.

But, when you come to think of it, can doctors cure or prevent anything? I mean, of the recurrent and deep-seated illnesses of humanity?

I am in no way attacking a noble and self-sacrificing profession. All I want to point out is that as regards cold, rheumatism, chest troubles and the others medical science is at a standstill. It is where it was two centuries ago. The better hygienic system of modern times alone accounts for any general improvement in health.

As to "plague," we still have it. It is the "flu." A PATIENT.
Victoria-road, S.W.

VACCINE FOR INFLUENZA?

SURELY influenza "vaccine" is exploded! It poisons the blood and does not prevent the fever.

The whole vaccine treatment is bad for the blood and tends to provoke diseases of the blood. F. M.
Wimbledon.

REINCARCINATION.

IN reply to your correspondent, "A. H. D.," the "apparently ridiculous doctrine" of reincarnation is the settled belief of three-quarters of the entire population of the world. It is only new to the Western mind, and only to that section of it whose thought is rationed and controlled by people who are appointed to do our thinking for us.

There is abundant evidence in the New Testament Scriptures of this doctrine being taught and discussed among the early Christians.

The reason that we do not normally remember the details of our past lives is doubtless the fact that these details consist chiefly of sense-impressions which are recorded upon the brain. This brain perishes with the body. The experiences derived from these sense-impressions, however, persist after death and come through with us into the next incarnation as definite ability, aptitude and faculty.

The lesson of to-day is not forgotten merely because the slate upon which it was written is shattered. W. GONNARD, D.A., F.A.S.

KAISER AND KING CHARLES.

WHY make such a fuss about a person like the Kaiser?

Even if he is tried and found guilty he will not be put in an ordinary prison, but a better place, and quite a number of people will sympathise with him.

If he is proved not guilty, what a "snub" it will be after the trouble taken to get him! Then he will have something to "crow" about.

Remember Charles I. He was unpopular (except with the gentry of the country). When he was tried and found guilty everyone was sorry for him and took a dislike for his accusers, and to-day people think he was quite all right. May this not be the same in the Kaiser's case? DEFOT.

POPULAR SPORTS.

AN Australian officer recently remarked to me that, although he liked England very much, there were a few things that needed improving. The main thing was the high cost of sports, such as tennis. This prohibits the poor from participating in them.

He suggested that there should be tennis courts in all the large parks, as there are in Australia.

Many people have not the chance to learn games when young; and when they grow up are shy of learning.

I think this could be remedied if every county council school had its own playing fields and organised sports like the public schools. Then there would not be so much talk of a C3 nation. Football matches, boxing bouts, etc., would not draw such large crowds, but the people would form clubs and start taking part in the games themselves instead of watching others.

St. Helier, Jersey. P. V. HARRIS.

A SONG FOR CHILDREN.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wautons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wautons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

—THOMAS DEKKER.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 23.—Quite a number of flowers can be found in the garden to-day, and how welcome they are at this dull season of the year!

Among the roots of an old tree we greet the bright crimson blossoms of the cyclamen—a delightful little flower that appears year after year without attention. Snowdrops, snowflakes, winter aconites, Christmas roses and early scillas are also in bloom.

Rhododendron precox is covered with pink buds, while the laurustinus, winter jessamine, mezerion and early heath are flowering.

E. F. T.

DAD! YOUR HAIR IS FALLING FAST.

"Danderine" will check dandruff and stop hair coming out.



To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of "Danderine" at any chemist's, pour a little in your hand, and rub it into the scalp. After several applications the hair usually stops coming out and you can't find any dandruff. Soon every hair on your scalp shows new life, vigour, brightness, thickness and more colour. Sold in three sizes, 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

PLENTY OF SUGAR

Unavailable, and the only genuine and harmless substitute to be had

CHEAP

18 "SUNSHINE" SACCHARINE TABLETS. Every tablet equal to two lumps of sugar. 1,000 tablets in dainty tin-box sent by return registered post free, on receipt of P.O. 6/-.

SATISFACTION ASSURED. WHY PAY 10/- PER 100? Also 5,000 Tablets at 6/- per 1,000; total, £1 9/-, 10,000 Tablets at 5/- per 1,000; total, £2 10/-.

Sunshine Products (Dept. A1), Sharpleshall St., London, N.W. 3.

You can't

make gravy out of once cooked meat. Rissoles and such like made-up dishes are twice as nice and they go down with a relish when served with BISTO GRAVY simply made by adding BISTO to stock from the stock pot.

BISTO

Of all Grocers.



Cuticura Hair Is Usually Thick and Healthy

Start him right if you wish him to have thick, healthy hair through life. Regular shampooing with Cuticura Soap will keep his scalp clean and healthy. Before shampooing, scrub spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair. **Keep It. Ointment is 3d. and 2s. 6d.** Sold throughout the Empire. For thirty-two page skin booklet address: E. Newberg & Sons, Ltd., 37, Chancery House Sq., London. Also for mail orders with price. **Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.**

BURY PREPARES FOR THE CUP-TIE FRAY.



Members of the Bury Football Club indulging in a "wheelbarrow handicap" at South-end-on-Sea, where they are in strict training for their match on Saturday. They are to meet West Ham at Boleyn Castle in the English Cup competition.



MISS DORIS LLOYD, of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, to appear with Mr. Owen Jones in "The Tenth Muse" at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Friday.



SIR CHARLES ELIOT, who is to be chairman of the Foreign Secretary's Advisory Committee to promote solidarity among British communities in foreign countries.

AT GLORIOUS CANNES.—Miss Balfour practising a few shots on the polo ground at Cannes, which is enjoying glorious weather, and pre-arranging her party for the season.



WINTER TRANSPORT IN NORWAY.—One of the hand-propelled trolleys used in the snow-covered district of Gjeilo, Norway, for the conveyance of milk and other foodstuffs to villages. A warning red flag is carried on the trolley, which traverses the railroad.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPH. "WHO'S HOOPER?" W. H. BERRY. To-night, at 8. Wed. Sat. at 2. (Ger. 2645).

ADWICH. To-day, 2.30, 8.15. SACRED AND PROFANE. Mrs. Ross, Franklin Dyer. Mats, Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

ALHAMBRA. ADA REVEE. MEDOHAH. To-night, at 8. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15.

AMASSADORS. Evgs, at 8.15. "SYLVIA'S LOVERS." Mats, Tuesday and Saturday, at 2.30. (Ger. 4460).

APOLLO. "TILLY OF BROADBURY." Houscher. Evgs, 8. Mats, Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

COMEDY. To-night, at 8.15. "THERE'S A BOY." Comedy in 3 Acts. Mats, Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.45.

COURT. Evgs, at 8. "MACHIGE MOSCOVITCH IN THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." Mats, Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

GOVERNMENT GARDEN. Evgs (except Thurs.) 8. Mats, Feb. 8, 10. THE ONLY WAY. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

CRITERION. "LORD RICHARD IN THE PANTRY." Cyril Maude, Constance Eddes. Evgs, 8.30. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

DALYS. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." To-night, at 8. Mats, Tues. and Sat. at 2.

DRURY LANE. 2568. L. DORELLA. DUKE OF YORK'S. 2.30, 8.30. ROBERT LOHMEYER. IN ARMS AND THE MAN. Mats, Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

GARRICK. Evgs 8.15. Mats, Wed. Sat. 2.30. "THE SCULPTEUR." Alfie, Teddie, Lester. Evgs, 8.15.

GLOBE. Mr. Marie Lohr. To-night, 8.15. "THE VOICE FROM THE JAIL." Mats, Weds. and Sat. 2.15.

HAYMARKET. Evgs, 8.30; Thurs. Sat. 2.30. DADDIES. Matthews, Mary Jerrold, Emily Brooke, Geo. Tully. Evgs, 8.15.

HAYMARKET. Thurs. Feb. 3. "THE BIRD OF PARADISE." A. E. Matthews. Pay Compton, Stanley Logan. Evgs, 8.15.

HIS MAJESTY'S. "THE CHILLY CHOW (4th Year)." To-day, 2.15 and 8. Mats, Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. (Hol. 5567). "LITTLE WOMEN." From New Theatre. To-day, 2.15. Evgs, 8.15.

KINGSWAY. "IN THE NIGHT." Evgs, at 8.30. Mats, Tues. and Friday, at 2.30.

LONDON PAVILION. Evgs, 8.20. Mats, Tues. Sat. 2.30.

LYRIC. "ALICE DELYSIA." John Humphries. Evgs, at 8. Mats, Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.

LYRIC. HAMMERSTON. Evgs, 8. Mats, Wed. Th. Sat. 2.30. "ABRAHAM LINCOLN." LAST WEEK.

LYCEUM. Twice Daily at 2 and 7. Lyceum Pantomime. Evgs, 8.15.

MASKELYNE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY. At 3 and 8. Evgs, 8.15.

NEW-DAILY. At 2. PETER PAN. Evgs, 8.15. Irene Ambrose in MR. PIN PASSER BY 8.15. Leslie Harris.

PLAYHOUSE. 2.30 and 8.30. "HOME AND BEAUTY." Charles Hawtree, Gladys Cooper. Mats, Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES. In the Theatre. Evgs, 8.15. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

BRANPE. Evgs, at 8. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

PRINCES. (Last Week of the Grand). To-morrow Evgs, at 8.15. Queens.

QUEEN'S. To-morrow Evgs, at 8.15. Queens.

QUEEN'S HALL. To-day, 2.30; Fri. 2.30 and 8.30. Lowell Thomas, "With Allenby in Palestine." (Last 2 Days).

ROYALTY. "THE ADMIRAL'S CLOSET." By J. M. Barrie. Saturdays next, at 8.15.

ST. JAMES. Henry Arley in "JULIUS CAESAR." To-night, at 8. Mats, Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. To-night, at 8.30. Sir Frank Benson in "ROMPEY THE GREAT." Mats, Th. Sat. 2.30.

SAVOY. To-night, 8.15. "TIGER ROSE." Last nights. Mats, Saturday, at 2.15.

SCALA. To-night, at 8.15. "BROMLEY CHALLENGER IN WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD." Mats, Th. Sat. 2.30.

SHAFESBURY. Evgs, 8.15. "HOME AND BEAUTY." Charles Hawtree, Gladys Cooper. Mats, Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

STRAHD. To-night, at 8.30. "THE CRIMSON ALIBI." Kyrle Bellew. A. E. Georges. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE. Nelson Keys in New Edition "BUZZ." Evgs, 8.15. Mats, Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

VICTORIA PALACE. Daily, at 2. (Last Week.) WHERE THE BAINWYN ENDS. Evgs, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15.

WINTER GARDEN. "KISSING TIME." Evgs, 8.15. Thurs. Sat. 2.15. George Grossmith, Leslie Henros.

WYNDHAM'S. To-night, at 8.15. Gerald du Maurier in "THE CHOICE." By Alfred Sutro. Mats, Wed. Sat. 2.30.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7541). 2.30, 7.45. Mene Haru Onaki! Mark Hambourg, Seymour Hertz and Louis Elkum.

HIPPODROME. London-Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. The new "JOY BELLS." Shirley Kellogg, George Robey. Ger. 650.

THE PALACE. "THE WHIRLIGIG." Evgs, 8.15. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15.

PALLADIUM. 2.30, 8, and 8.45. Harry Tate, Edna Stiel, Fred Barnes, Hilda Glavder, Peter Bernard, Day and Healy.

NEW GALLERY KINEMA. Anita Stewart in "Virtuous Wives." Tommy Atkins in Berlin. Parre, etc.

POLY CINEMA. Regent-street, Oxford-circus.—The End of the Road. The Hidden Fear. For adults only.

PHILHARMONIC HALL. Daily, 2.30, 8.30. Shackleton. Marvelous Motion Pictures. Evgs, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL. (Kensington 5560). AUCTION OF SOULS. To-day, 3 and 8.30. For 3 weeks only.

PERSONAL.

REMINDER.—You intended sending Dr. Barnardo's Homes that 10/- as a Christmas Gift to support an orphan and destitute little one for a week. It is not too late and you will appreciate a reminder. 7,291 Children are in the Homes. 10,715 Barnardo Boys fought for you. Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Bill Fund," and crossed, and parcels of Blankets, Clothing and Toys may be sent to the Honorary Director, William Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1.

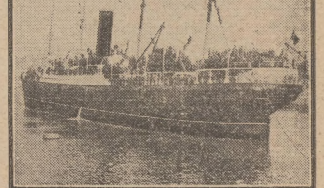
FILM SALE.—A cinema beauty aids to enhance their magnetic attraction. Secret free; enclose two stamps for postage, etc. Apply to: J. J. B. Ltd., 3d., Cinema Limited, 26, Finsbury Park-road, London.

COD Liver Extract.—"Moribund." Small dose (10 drops) 3 times daily. "Moribund." Small dose (10 drops) 3 times daily. "Moribund." Small dose (10 drops) 3 times daily.

SUPERFLOUS. Hair permanently removed from face with electricity: ladies only.—Miss Florence Webb, 29, Strand-gate, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 12.

CELESTINE'S. "Pastilles" for Cough, Bronchitis, Sore Throat. Half a century reputation.—Boots, and all chemists.

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Overseas Daily Mirror

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THE STATELY BALL AND FANCY DRESS.

THE ECONOMIC SIDE OF MODERN REVELS.

By MARGARET CHORLTON.

Economy, camaraderie, freedom and joy are among the advantages claimed for the fancy dress ball.

IS dancing actually more popular now than formerly, or do the greater facilities for indulgence in this delightful pastime make it appear to be so?

The stately ball has given place to the more cheery revels in fancy dress, and dancers who participate in these appear to have enjoyed them so thoroughly that certain sections of the public have been driven into print with the cry "the country has gone dancing mad!"

These same people will remind you that in their day a ball was a very dignified affair where everybody behaved in a strictly decorous manner.

There was no "ragging," no informal meal at a cheerful restaurant, eaten to the jingle of the jazz, before going to the ball.

Every lady was properly chaperoned and was not, as now, permitted to join a mixed party gathered together in the conviction "the more the merrier."

Each lady was solemnly returned to her chaperon after a dance, whilst according to the novelists, such a thing as "sitting out" was taboo, unless the author was hard up for a means of getting his heroine engaged or giving the villain an opportunity of persecuting some unfortunate lady upon whose waist he set his eyes.



Mrs. Margaret Chorlton.

Middle-class people in those days hardly seem to have risen to the dignity of the real thing, which was reserved for the county people and the servants' annual. The nearest the middle class got to it was, probably, a "High Tea and Dancing afterwards."

To-day things are different, and dancing was never more popular. This popularity I firmly believe is mainly due to the development of the fancy dress ball.

Grown-up people are keener even than children when it comes to a game of make-believe. Perhaps they would not admit it, but it is none the less true as you can see when you mingle with a crowd who are masquerading in the temporary roles of Balshaffs, Columbines, Little Boy Blues, and the rest.

Another advantage of the fancy dress ball, and perhaps the most important of all, is the question of economy, a very vital matter nowadays.

The ball proper, with all its charm and grace, was generally a very expensive affair.

Evening dresses for the ladies, always "trifles light as air," seldom fitted beneath the chandelier more than twice, and the girl who could not afford more than one dress a season found it impossible to take part in gaieties so dear to her heart.

FAVOUR THE FRIVOLOUS.

Fancy dress balls have to a great extent solved this problem, since very little money need be expended in order to contrive a character costume. It can, indeed, often be made out of odds and ends in the wardrobe without any expenditure at all beyond personal time and patience.

The pleasure of designing dresses for themselves or their friends promotes an exchange of ideas and friendly rivalry between dancers that adds joy to life.

Whole parties will go dressed alike just for the fun of being able to identify each other in a crowded room. How strangely this compares with other days when the maiden kept the design of her ball gown a secret until it was time for her to show herself, lest somebody should try to copy it. She shunned the imitation that flattered her.

It has often been said that the English take their pleasures sadly, but looking on at a fancy dress ball I am inclined to doubt the truth of this statement.

One is compelled to favour this popular form of the dancing craze when one realises all its advantages.

It combines the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of expense. Fun and joy, health and happiness are garnered from it. I admit the dignity and grace of the old time ball, but I am, all the time, in favour of the more frivolous fancy dress, which people with modest pockets are able to enjoy.

A NEW HOBBY FOR WOMEN COLLECTORS

ANCIENT MAPS TO PASS SPARE HOURS.

By WINIFRED THWAITES.

WOMAN, the doctors never cease to tell us, must have a hobby, something to take herself out of herself and her household cares.

Collect something, they tell us, and your interest in life will be doubled.

Now collecting, unless you have much money to spend, isn't as easy as it sounds; there is little left to collect.

Since the war so many more people are able to satisfy their desires that soon old furniture and china, books and prints will be only for the newest and richest of the new-rich.

Fortunately the collector who hunts treasure—not for the love of it, but because it is the thing to do—seldom tries to be original. She knows certain things are much sought after and she seeks for them too.

In doing this she passes over many an interesting "item," and the poorer collector must use her brains and originality, and among these "left overs" must find her hobby. Old maps are among these "left overs."

Old maps are still possible for the man or woman who is trying to find something to collect.

To collect them is a particularly fascinating hobby, for after you have bought your "treasure"—and showed it to all your friends—there is still something to be done. Colour it.

Hunt about until you have found an old Speed's or Morden's map of one of your favourite counties and bless your luck if those counties be seagirt. Then settle down with paint box and brush and colour it. It may

sound dull if you have never seen an old country map, a Speed's Cornwall or Norfolk or, even more to be desired, one of the Isle of Wight. But if you have you will recognise the joy in store for you.

For these are not the ordinary maps of the modern atlas. They were made about three hundred years ago, and the seas are filled with ships and monsters of the deep, such monsters as never grew on land or sea.

Towns are represented by cathedrals, churches or castles; forests are shown in the form of wee trees; hills and mountains are really hills and mountains, and, best of all, there are the arms of the great folk of the county.

In most of these maps there are as well little pictures, scenes of some historical incident connected with the county, or a small plan of the county town, where the smallest of small men play with bat and ball, or a gay little horse prances about in a field.

And when you have coloured your map you will find that it has become a most decorative object. The last stage is to frame it and hang it on your wall, where every time your eye rests on it you will realise that you have a treasure that no other collector can quite duplicate.

These maps make most attractive decoration for hall or corridor. They are not easy to find, but that makes the hunt for them more attractive.

Special care should be taken to colour them, particularly the coats of arms, in accordance with convention.

They will become more valuable, too, in course of time, and soon prices will begin to rise materially. At present they should be obtainable from about five shillings each.

So try collecting and colouring maps for your hobby and see if you have not found something to add to your happiness and to the charm of your home.



Sir Nevil Macready (extreme left), Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, presiding at the first annual dinner of the Provost Branch (British Expeditionary Force) Dinner Club, Piccadilly Hotel.

WRITING HISTORY OF BRITAIN'S ARMY.

AND NOT PAID THE PAY OF A PRIVATE.

By AN AUTHOR.

"I HAVE never yet made the pay of a private soldier out of my book.

"The pay of a London policeman exceeds the wildest 'dreams of avarice' to me."

Such was the amazing confession to me only yesterday of one of the world's greatest, if not the greatest, living historian.

I refer to the Hon. John Fortescue, LL.D., the King's librarian at Windsor and the author of that monumental work "The History of the British Army," which is to be found in every Army mess, in every leading West End club, every leading library, and, probably, every newspaper office in the kingdom; one of the most valuable and indispensable works of reference and histories in existence.

Dr. Fortescue has been at work upon his history for the last twenty-five years, and is still writing.

Eight great volumes of the "History of the British Army" have already appeared. Volumes 9 and 10 are now in the Press, and are to be published shortly.

And there still are four or five volumes to be written before the history is completed.

The stupendous task reminds one of Dr. Johnson's lifelong work and labour of love, the Great Lexicography.

The new volumes bring the history up to the

story of Waterloo, and there still remain to be written the story of the consolidation of the British Empire in India and South Africa and the interlude of the Crimean War.

That will bring it up to the year 1870, as it was originally designed.

"No doubt," said Dr. Fortescue, "the labour we delight in physics pain," but the writing of military history is not a profitable employment.

"As I say, I have never yet made the pay of a private soldier, as it was in 1895, and should regard a policeman's pay as beyond my wildest dreams of avarice."

It often, indeed, becomes a question whether, in these days of high prices and high taxation, I can afford myself the luxury of completing my history.

"People are good enough to assure me that my history is a classic. And I sometimes reply that a classic is a book which is commended by many, borrowed by a few, and purchased by no one!"

"Yet somehow I feel that I must go on with it. To give it up now would be like throwing down the sponge in the middle of the fight."

Dr. Fortescue's recent smashing criticism of Lord French's book will be well remembered.

Until recently he was engaged upon the "Official History of the Great War." But he does not feel that he can continue writing that still more monumental work until it is possible to do so in a more dispassionate period, free from the intrigues of certain Army commanders and War Office officials.

Cold Meat Camouflaged.

BY MONSIEUR A. ESCOFFIER.

Director General de la Cuisine du Hotel Carlton.

The frequent repetition of an act becomes a habit—and of all irritating habits the cold meat habit is the worst. It gives one a stale outlook on life. Our meals influence us more than we perhaps know. Upon one's health to a large extent depends one's mental condition; the healthy person is the happy person; men—and women too—are invariably in a better frame of mind after a good meal than before it. Why not, then, have appetising meals, and enjoy food, instead of monotonous repetitions of cold meat day after day, with the occasional break of an equally uninteresting stew?

It is admitted that one cannot have hot meat every day, but that is no reason why cold meat should not be made into an appetising meal. It can be done. A little Escoffier Sauce Robert, with its delicious tomato flavour, makes a really wonderful difference. This Sauce gives to cold meat or stews a relish which makes these ordinary dishes appetising and enjoyable.

With the cold meat one could very well serve up a dainty vegetable salad, with a teaspoonful of Escoffier Derby Sauce added to the usual seasoning of oil and vinegar. This Sauce has a spicy flavour that goes especially well with cold meat, and both vegetable and potato salads.

Everyone will be agreeably surprised at the vast difference a little of Escoffier Sauce makes. It camouflages cold meat almost out of recognition. The husband will enjoy it when he comes in tired and hungry at night, and hungry boys and girls will become little Oliver Twists and cry for "More!"

Don't disappoint your family any longer by serving up cold meat without the essential sauce to give it relish. Have enjoyable dinners without trouble.

Escoffier Sauces are obtainable at Shops and S. ores everywhere. If you have any difficulty write to Escoffier Ltd., 6, Ridgmount St., London, W.C.

ZEE-KOL

49,772 SKIN CURES IN ONE YEAR.

The wonderful new Skin Cure announced recently in the newspapers has puzzled Doctors and Surgeons by the enormous numbers cured yearly. Last year alone ZEE-KOL cured 49,772 patients, all of them suffering from the most severe forms of skin diseases.

ZEE-KOL is the greatest remedy in the World. Pimples will vanish in a night and the worst signs of Ulcers, Sores, Bad Legs, Eczema, Ringworm, etc., are rapidly and completely cured by this great germ-killer.

ZEE-KOL is non-poisonous and soothes the most delicate skin.

3,000,000 Free Gifts

A sample of Zee-Kol Ointment will be sent absolutely free of postage. If a large Free sample of Zee-Kol Medicated Soap is also required please enclose 11d. for postage. Write "Zee-Kol" Manfg. Co., Dept. 9, 39, Mitchell-street, London, E.C. Further supplies obtainable at all Chemists, including Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., etc., at 1s. 6d. and 3s. per box. Zee-Kol Medicated Soap, 1s. 3d. per tablet, or box of 3 for 3s. 6d.

HALVE THE COST OF YOUR SHOES

Buy Direct from the Makers.

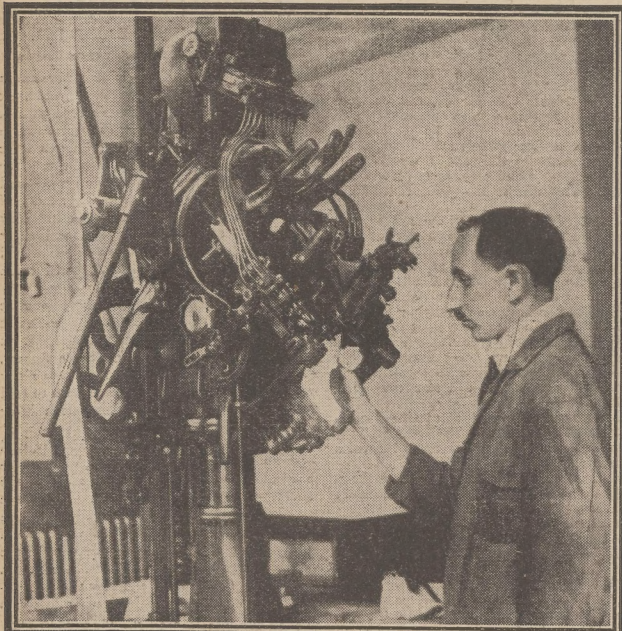
16/-
PAIR.
6d. for
Postage.



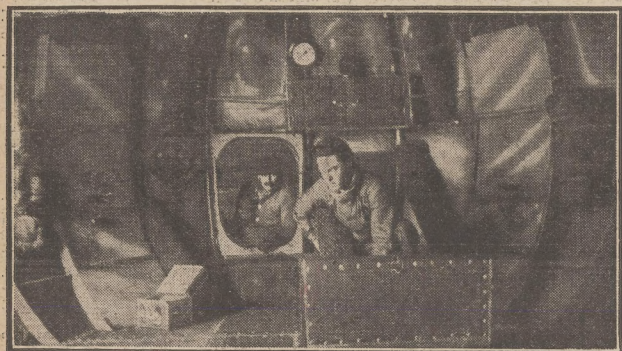
A fine Shoe, same design as above, but made in toney Red. Pair 20/-

Thoroughly well-made Leather Boot for ladies—warm and waterproof. In black or leather, Derby style. Pair 20/-
THE JAMES SHOE COY.
(Dept. M.D.), 143, Lansdowne Rd., Leicester

THE MECHANICAL COBBLER.



This wonderful machine is capable of turning out 600 pairs of boots a day, and mending jobs are done in fifteen minutes. It only requires one man to manipulate it. Unhappily, the price of boots does not appear to be less.

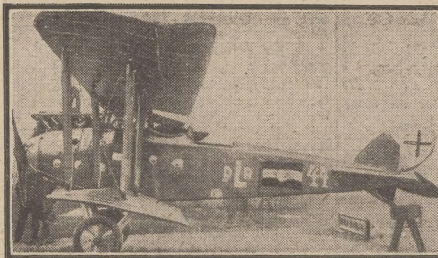


WILL IT REALLY COME TO THIS?—Loading up the sphere in which two adventurers travel to the moon—in the film adaptation of Mr. H. G. Wells' "First Men in the Moon." Recent discussions suggest the possibility of this actually happening.



THEIR DUTY DONE.—The post office girl messengers of Portsmouth, who are being "demobbed" this week and their places taken by boys. At a time of national need they replaced boys of eighteen and carried on cheerfully in all weathers.

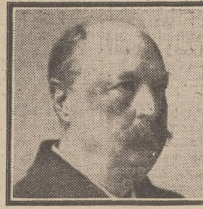
GERMAN AIR LORRY.



The first German aeroplane to travel on the new commercial aerial route from Holland, via North-West Germany, to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.



LABOUR M.P. ILL.—Mr. Frederick Owen Roberts, the Labour Member of Parliament for West Bromwich, whose illness is causing anxiety in his constituency. He has recently had a relapse.



SCHOOLMASTER'S RECORD.—Mr. Arthur Denham, who has attended 20,000 school sessions, is retiring from the headmastership of Barlingham School after holding the post for forty-two years.



A FAIRY PARTY.—Miss Florence Sutcliffe, the Cinderella of Drury Lane, playing "oranges and lemons" at her party to the fairies and pages. Miss Marie Blanché assists.



A DAINY DANCER.—Miss Lily Flexmore, a young vaudeville artist, who is creating a sensation with her classical dancing on the variety stage.



WRECKED BY THE GALE.—A house near I gale, which has passed over Ireland, Scotland of England at seventy-five miles per hour, doing damage to buildings in its course.

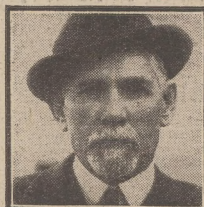
TO THE SHEARS

A SECRET OF BEAUTY

INITIALS TATTOOED ON DOGS.



Two bonny students of the County and Colonial School for Girls, at Hunswood Park, Iwer, Bucks, enjoying the healthful task of sawing up logs for fuel.



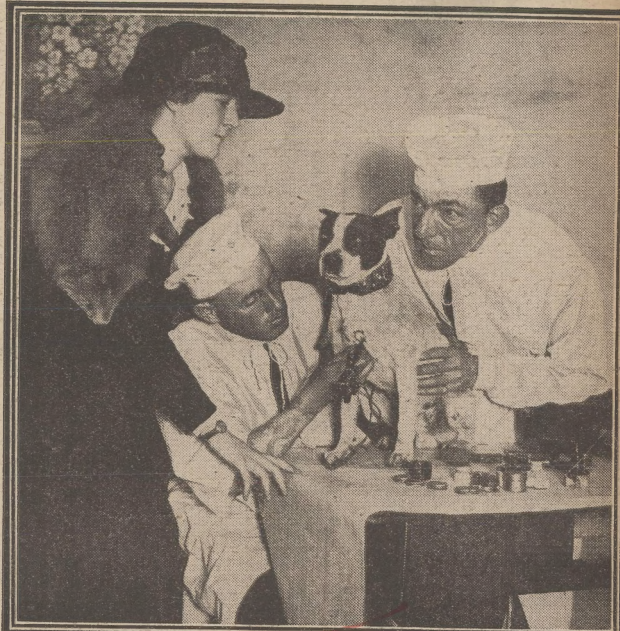
CATTLE KING ARRIVES.—Mr. Sidney Kidman, the Australian millionaire cattle rancher, who is paying his first visit to England since 1908. He owns over 100,000 acres of cattle and 100,000 sheep.



A VARIED CAREER.—Rev. G. A. Weston, M.A., Honorary Chaplain to the Forces, who has been appointed principal of the Church Hostel, Manchester University. He studied in Germany with the late Kaiser.



AN IRISH OUTRAGE.—Removing in a military lorry the ten men concerned in the outrage on Mr. Mangan, whose ears were cut off, near Killorglin, Ireland.



The latest idea for protecting dogs from thieves is to brand the owner's initials on the dog's breast. The operation is said not to be a painful one, and the result is not removable, like a dog's collar. It is a Californian idea.

provided in the children's hair-cutting stores, this little chap is readily able to coax him off his mount.



HIS BACKYARD "BIVVY."—Unable to obtain a room at a reasonable price, this ex-soldier decided to do as he did in the East and erected a "bivvy" in an Earl's Court backyard, where he manages to live quite comfortably with his dog.



ARMING THE "PRESS GANG."—Mr. Hal Furnage, captain of the "Press Gang," preparing the ancient flintlocks that will be carried by his team at the Fleet-street Revel at Covent Garden to-night.



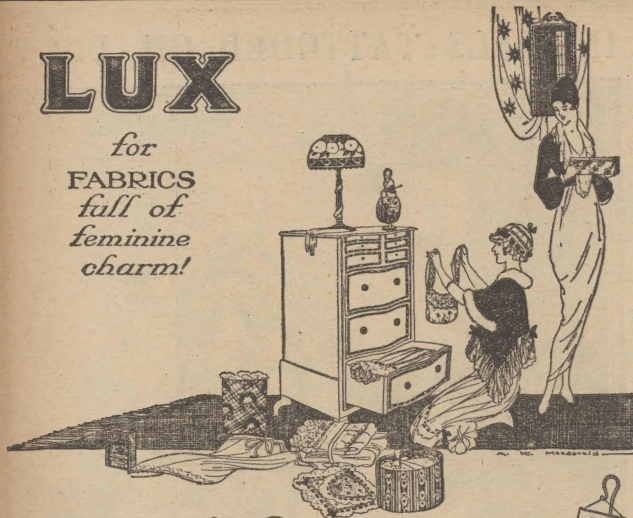
A BEJEWELLED CUPID.—Miss Elaine Vernon, who is playing Captivating Cupid and the Slave of the Lamp at Kennington Theatre.



DIVERTING "BUTTONS."—First-class footballers require as careful attention while training as first-class racehorses. Here are two members of the Sheffield United team enjoying a Turkish bath at Blackpool. "Buttons" appears to be amused at the idea.

LUX

for
FABRICS
full of
feminine
charm!



Textures like Sossamer—

almost fairy-like in their woven wonder, should be washed with Lux, the gentlest washing preparation in the world. The garments you must hesitate to buy because of their delicacy can be worn over and over again without losing any of their original beauty and charm if only Lux is used. With a bowl of hot water you can quickly whisk the pure Lux flakes into a rich creamy lather which safely cleanses the daintiest garments. Lux coaxes rather than forces the dirt from fine fabrics.

Buy a packet to-day and use according to directions. There is no substitute for Lux in washing.

Crêpe-de-Chine.	Chiffon.	Lace.
Cashmere.	Delaine.	Muslin.
Crepe-éponge.	Georgette.	Silk.
Camorie.	Hose.	Sateen.
		Zephyr.

LUX WILL NOT HARM A SILKEN THREAD.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT



Busy cooks— don't chop suet

Use "Tristella"—already shredded. It saves a lot of time and trouble. You simply open your packet of "Tristella"—pour out as much as you need and put the remainder away till next time. What a boon to a busy cook. And "Tristella" is so economical in use—one pound of "Tristella" goes as far as a pound-and-a-half of butcher's suet. Because there is no skin—no waste. "Tristella" Suet will keep sweet for months.

"Tristella" Shredded Suet

is prime beef suet, refined, sterilised, and shredded into dainty cream-coloured particles—exactly like finely chopped suet—all ready for instant use for making delicious Puddings, Pastry, and Dumplings.

"Tristella" Suet is a highly nourishing food.

Give the children plenty of Suet Puddings and Dumplings. How your family will enjoy them made with "Tristella" Suet—so light, so wholesome, so digestible, so satisfying, so nourishing, and so economical. Busy cooks—don't waste time chopping suet. Keep a packet of "Tristella" Suet always handy.

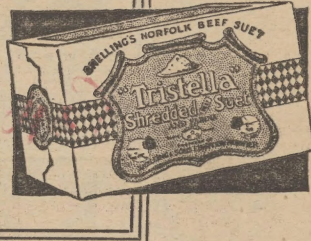
All Grocers sell "Tristella" Suet.

Supplied in two forms—
SHREDDED in handy form for Puddings, etc. In pounds, half-pounds, and 3½d. packets.
For frying use only "Tristella" in **BLOCK** form. In pounds and 2½d. packets.

TRY JUST ONE PACKET TO-DAY.



Be sure you get a cream-coloured packet with a scarlet shield and a black and white diamond band.



SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

are received at the offices of "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard, E.C. 4, between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 to 1). General and Classified Advertisements, 2s. 6d. per line (minimum 2 lines, average 7 words to the line). Financial partnerships and Public Notices, 10s. per line (minimum 2 lines). SEASIDE AND COUNTRY APARTMENTS, 2s. 6d. per line, minimum 2 lines. Advertisements if sent by post must be accompanied by POSTAL ORDERS CROSSED COUTTS and CO. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL

A.1. STAINLESS Knives—Tables 22s., Desserts 20s., 4-doz.; sample 3s. 6d.; buying direct saves 30 p.c. catalogue free.—J. D. Dixon, 142, Oakbrook-road, Sheffield. Gold kinds 15s. Values, 2s. 11d.; big bargain; list free.
A—White Pains, Dept. M2, Jewellers, etc., Hastings.
CHINA large and small and private orders are for speciality; lovely tea sets from 10s. 9d., Dinner sets 39s. 6d., Toilet sets 11s. 9d.; mixed crates and cheap sets for shops, dealers and hawkers; crockery for caterers, churches, schools, canteens; outfits 50 persons, 57s. 9d.; house outfits, etc. Unbeatable value for the money.
W—Kitchen use, institutions, etc.; established 1903, 50,000 customers satisfied; full value guaranteed; complete catalogue, 100 designs, illustrated in colour, free, send 1s. to-day.—Century Pottery Co., Dept. 320, Hurlingham, Staffs.
W—YOUR Boots will cost less if bought direct from where I made; ladies' walking shoes 12s., gent's boots 22s. 6d.; send for our illustrated catalogue.—Lee's Footwear Company, Dept. D.M., Debenhams, 10, Abchurch Lane, London.
PAWNBROKERS Bargains—Special Supplementary list of Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready; full list of 2,000 sensational bargains; new and secondhand, sent post free, don't delay, write at once; it will save you pounds; all goods sent on 7 days' approval.
24/6—Navy Blue Gaudin, full 6yds. length, double width, superior quality; suitable for lady's costume or dress length; also 6yds. length, same quality, in size and black; £1 4s. 6d. each; approval willingly.
21/-—Fair full size Blankets, exceptionally choice, superior quality; £1 1s.; approval before payment.
34/6—Baby's Long Gowns, choice quality; 50 articles, everything required; wonderfully beautiful newest designs; expensive embroidered American robes, etc.; the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; bargain of loveliness; 34s. 6d.; approval.
34/6—Lady's 18-in. Gold-cased Expanding Watch Brace-let; will fit and grip any wrist; timed to a minute a month; week's free trial; £1 14s. 6d.
19/6—Gent's 18-in. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch; 10 years' warranty; timed to a minute a month; sent Double Carb Albert, same quality, same price, perfectly new; week's free trial; complete, 19s. 6d.; approval.
8/9—Lady's Necklace, Heart Pendant attached; set Parisian pearls and turquoise; 18-in. Gold (stamped) filled; in velvet case; 8s. 9d.; approval before payment.
18/6—Gent's Double Carb Albert, 18-in. Gold (stamped) filled solid links; 18s. 6d.; approval willingly.
5/5—Homeless Gramophone de Luxe; dainty draw-table, powerful improved Guildhall sound box, with six 10in. disc tunes; week's free trial; £5 5s.; approval.
£7 15/-—Superior quality Double Barrel Hammer Gun, by good maker; right modified and left full choke; rebounding links; polished walnut pistol grip stock; worth double; week's free trial; £7 15s.
D—LAWSON and Co. (Dept. 12), Pawnbrokers, 25, Denmark Hill, Chamberwell, London, S.E. 5.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

AMBITIOUS Aspirants for Film Acting required immediately to train for parts under professional supervision. Apply Star Academy, 19, Strand Green-rd., Finsbury Park E. 10. (near Regent Cinema).
ADTIES and Gentlemen required for Cinema Training; no distance no object; send stamp for full particulars.—Preston Cinema School Office, 2, Waverley-road, Southsea.
EARN Dutton's 24-Hour Shorthand; booklet free.—Dutton's College, Desk R.2, Skegness.

EDUCATIONAL.

FOLKES for Books—Buy your Educational Books from F. W. and G. Foyle, Ltd., 121-123, Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2; over 1,000,000 volumes in stock, strictly classified; catalogue free; books bought.

APPLES!

Buy direct from the grower
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COX'S ORANGE PIPPINS

ALLINGTON PIPPINS

Packed in boxes of 12lb., 20lb. and 40lb.

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Packed in boxes of 20lb. and 40lb.

CARRIAGE PAID.

CASH WITH ORDER

Address—THE MANAGER,
SALEHURST FRUIT FARM,
ROBERTSBRIDGE, SUSSEX.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ANY Condition.—Wanted, Ladies', Gent's, cast-off Clothes, suits, costumes, old teeth; cheques same day parcels.
ARTIFICIAL Teeth, any condition; also disused jewellery, diamonds, precious stones, etc., wanted; no misleading offers but highest possible value given; immediate cash or offers made; goods returned post free if offers not accepted; Platinum scrap £30 per oz; call or post.—I. Rayburn and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester. Tel. 5030 City.
ARTIFICIAL Teeth old bought—Messrs. Browning, dental manufacturers, 83, Oxford-st., London, W.1, the original firm, who do not advertise misleading prices; call or post and receive full value per return, or offer made; established 100 years.
CONDITION no object.—Wanted, Teeth, Old Jewellery, Pearls, Gold, Silver; cheques same day; parcels.
STANLEY Pearson, 133, Gray's Inn-road, Holborn, London.
I will pay you very prices for any artificial teeth, any condition, because I need them for re-manufacture; satisfaction guaranteed or teeth returned promptly post free; or just send me your address and I will send free a stamped addressed box for packing teeth in.—E. Lewis, 129, London-street (358), Southport, Lancashire. Tel. 1973.
PIANO Wanted, suit girls' club room; cash.—Mrs M. Shenley, Acton-lane, S.W. 2. Tel. Brixton 1469.
PIANO Wanted; upright iron frame or small grand.—Caplan S. 18, Crofton Park-rd. S.E. 4.
PIANO Wanted, state price; immediate cash.—J. Spencer, Meyrick-road, Battersea.
1836 in Values.—Old gold, platinum, silver, diamonds, pearls, emeralds; for silver we give market quotation; all items cut glass, miniatures, headwork bags, coloured prints, old medals; before accepting offers consult free of charge Pollard (Resid. 1814), 355, Oxford-street, near Bond-street, W.
WANTED, Artificial Teeth, Old Jewellery, Watches, Gold, Silver and other Goods (any condition); utmost value or offer.—Stanley and Co., 33, Oxford-st., W.1.

MARKETING BY POST.

BACON—All cuts, Smoked or Plain, 1s. 3d. lb.; Forcinds 1s. 10d. lb.; car. post 6lb. upwards.—Steward, 50, Vernon-st., Liverpool.
POULTRY—Splendid Roasting Fowls, 11s. pair; Boilers, 10s. pair; trussed; post free.—Katie Donovan, Newtown, Rosbergh.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

AT Lady Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas extractions 2s. Teeth at Hospital Prices.—Write Miss Gordon, Sec. 524, Oxford-street, Marble Arch. Phone Mayfair 5559.

DANCING.

FANCY Dress Ball to-night (Thursday), 8.30 to 2 a.m., at the Valhalla, 160, Finchley-road. Admission, 7s. 6d. **PIC** O' DANCES, Piccadilly Hotel.—Erg. dress or uniform; attas, 5.15s. 7s. 6d. Tons ergs, 9.15s; tickets, 12s. 6d.

DRESS.

LACE—Large parcels 2s. 6d. 3d. 6d.; splendid pair ladies' gloves free.—Weddle, Heathcoat-street, Nottingham.
START Our Trouser—French convent, hand-made lingerie, in sets or single garments; layette, camisoles, etc., from 6s. 3d.; send 3 stamps for catalogue.—Caroline, Ltd., 24, New Bond-st., London.
WIGS and Coverings for semi- or complete Baldness a specialty; the cheapest house for tails, transformations, toupes, and every description of ornamental hair work; illustrated catalogue post free.—W. Pickard, 281, Kenton-road, London, N.W. 5.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOFORTES—Before you buy a piano or player-piano write for a copy of our practical instruction plan.—Moore and Moore, 61, Abchurch House, New Oxford-street, W.C. 1. Famous British Piano Makers since 1839.

WHEELS, VEHICLES, HAND TRUCKS, ETC.
NOBODY can do without Wheels! We have stocks N. 26,000 wheels, from 1in. up to 5ft. Rubber or Iron Tyres, also Axles, Springs, Ironwork, etc. Prices from free. The Wheel and Tyre Works (Est. 1860), 63, New Kent-rd. S.E. 1. Close early Saturdays. Phone Mop. 2329 (Dept. 14). Hand Trucks kept in stock.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Standard Suits Again?

Some of the advisers of the Government are considering a proposal to reintroduce the "standard suit"—an improvement on the last mixture. It is understood, however, that Sir Auckland Geddes is opposed to the imposition of control in the tailoring trade.

In the Public Interest.

Still, it is pointed out to me, that great discontent is being caused by the high and over-increasing cost of clothing, and since the allegations of wool profiteering made against the Government the situation is worse. For that reason we may hear of "the standard suit" again.

Marconi as Schoolboy.

Senator Marconi very rarely talks about himself, but I remember him once telling me that as a schoolboy in England he was an out-and-out rebel. He refused to study any but the subjects that interested him, and taught himself writing by a method of his own, disdaining the more usual "pot-hook" system of instruction.

A Sea Enthusiast.

From what the Senator told me, had he taken any other walk in life it would have been the sea, for which he has always had a great and enduring love. He holds a master's certificate and is never happier than when aloft.

Changing Hands.

Old England seems to be changing hands with more or less rapidity. Lord Huntingfield has said recently that it is necessary for him to sell some portions of his estate. The Huntingfields have been seated in Suffolk for many scores of years. Here is Lady Huntingfield, who was before her marriage Miss Eleanor Crosby, of New York. The heir is the Hon. Gerard Vanneck, who is now four years of age.

For the Tenants.

Though Lord Huntingfield has taken away all the land, he is still mindful of the tenants. He states that every opportunity will be given for them to buy their holdings.

In the Italian Style.

When Lady Moira Godolphin Osborne weds next month her mother, the Duchess of Leeds, is planning an Italian wedding, with Renaissance draperies, cushions, and a "grove" of orange trees down the aisle. It should suit the bride's beauty.

Filming the Wedding.

What flowers must cost at weddings! When Miss Olive Stewart-Richardson marries Maclain of Lochbuie the church will be decorated with rows of enormous gold baskets full of flowers. A cinema film is to be taken of the wedding. I hear, and shown that night at the Victoria Palace, where the bridegroom will be singing.

The New Prebendary.

There will be general satisfaction at the news that the Bishop of London has conferred a prebendary's stall on the Rev. H. F. B. Mackay, vicar of All Saints', Margaret-street. Mr. Mackay is something more than an eloquent preacher; he is an intellectual force in the West End of London.

"The Way of a Woman."

I sat up till a late hour in the night on Tuesday reading the opening instalments of "The Way of a Woman," the new Daily Mirror serial, which begins on Saturday, January 31. I think it is one of the most enthralling romances I have ever read.

Back Again.

It is unfortunate that so soon after the production of "Medora" at the Alhambra, Miss Ada Reeve had to "lay off" owing to a severe attack of throat trouble. However, she will be back to-night, and all will be joy.

His Own House.

Lord Lytton, as chairman of the Trust Houses, evidently believes in his own prescription. Anyhow, I saw him having his lunch in the one in Leicester-square yesterday, and apparently enjoying it.

A British-American.

Yesterday I met Mr. Doane Gardner who, after leaving Harvard University five years before the war, came to England as a Shakespearean actor. Immediately war was declared he volunteered for service but was "turned down" because he was an American citizen.

A few days later he again visited the recruiting office—this time with his British naturalisation papers—and was accepted. Now he is playing Mr. George Tully's part in "The Man from Toronto" on tour.



Mr. Doane Gardner.

Holidays.

Mr. Robert Loraine tells me that he is imitating other people and going abroad for a short holiday. Miss Gladys Cooper is at Cannes, and other theatrical folk are scattered here and there. Still, the theatres carry on.

A Billiards Tit-Bit.

Great interest is being taken in the forthcoming amateur billiards championship second-round meeting between Major H. L. Fleming and Mr. S. H. Fry. Expert opinion inclines to the belief that although Mr. Fry is incomparably the more brilliant player, the major's doggedness and deadly steadiness will pull him through.

Daisy Ashford at Nine.

Never mind about various rumours; I am able to state that when "The Young Visitors" is seen at the Court Theatre early in February there will only be one child in the piece. She will be an exact picture of Daisy Ashford, the authoress, at the age of nine, and is to be played by little Audrey Cameron.

Damages.

Mr. Jack Hulbert has completely recovered from his recent motor accident, and is back in "Bran Pie." He tells me that every post brings him circulars from insurance companies. "I don't mind those," says he, "but I do object to the letters from three firms who guarantee to teach me how to drive in four lessons."

THE RAMBLER.



Miss Eileen Moriarty, engaged to Col. Palmer, commanding the Gloucesters.



Miss Diana Patterson, engaged to Maj. Gardner, M.C., only son of General Gardner.

RUMANIA'S PREMIER.

The Threatened Increase in Road Charges—Shall We Have Standard Suits Again?

IT IS STATED in diplomatic circles that the Rumanian Premier, M. Viada Voevod, is visiting London and England on an important errand, although it is put about that he is here on a private visit.

Bessarabia Again.

His mission in this country, I learn, is to protest against some of the decisions made by the Supreme Council in Paris adversely affecting the interests of Rumania. And we are likely to hear a lot about Bessarabia soon—as we did during the war.

Another Blow.

What a life! I am warned that road transport charges are likely to "soar" in the near future. If petrol gets much dearer and there is heavy taxation of motor vehicles this increase in road charges will be serious.

Vigilance Needed.

I trust that the Government will watch this matter very closely. Cheap transport between towns and villages on the "petrol way" is an essential of quick restoration of trade. The Ministry of Transport's moves will be closely scrutinised.

Railway Transport.

At the end of this month the Government war-time arrangements with the railways comes to an end, and they revert to private ownership and management, subject to the control of the Transport Ministry. In practice it will be found, however, that the main lines of the country are practically nationalised. At any rate, there will be no return to competition and scrambling to give the public special attractions and facilities.

Holding Up London Traffic.

Coming over London Bridge I counted forty slow-moving, heavily-laden carts ahead, blocking the progress of my bus. Wedged in the midst of great vans carrying crates and barrels was a tiny cart, two and a half feet high, in which sat a huge man driving a miniature Shetland pony.

Mr. Asquith and Youth.

I hear from Paisley that one of the striking features in Mr. Asquith's campaign is the enthusiasm his candidature is arousing among the younger generation. It was believed the "ex-P.M." would find his principal following in the ranks of the "old guard." It is not so.

A Bright Outlook.

A commercial expert tells me that our position is astonishingly healthy. There is no fear of collapse when prices come down. This is good hearing.

Munition Services.

The Government has begun to work out a detailed statement of the munitions and ser-



Mr. William Stack, Helgar in "The Only Way," at Covent Garden.



Mrs. R. F. Jolly, youngest daughter of Sir Richard Wimble, the shipowner.

VICES which our Army gave to France and Belgium. The task will keep a staff of accountants busy for two years.

"The Dynasts."

The Oxford University Dramatic Society tell me that they are producing Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts" next month. This is the first production of the society since 1914, and it is certainly one of the most ambitious things they have attempted.

Mr. Hardy Present.

Mr. Hardy himself is coming up from Dorset and will be there on the first night. The play is being produced by Mr. A. E. Drinkwater, the father of John Drinkwater, of "Abraham Lincoln" fame. Miss Laura Cowie, whose husband was a member of the society, will play a leading part.

A New Comedy.

Tuesday week, I am told, has been decided on for the premiere of "Just Like Judy," the comedy by Mr. Ernest Denny, with which the thinly-disguised firm of "Reandean" will start a ten years' stay at the St. Martin's. Besides Miss Iris Hoey and Mr. Donald Calthrop, Miss Mary Merrill and Miss Joan Vivian Rees will be in it.

Coachman's Metamorphosis.

Men sometimes make violent jumps from one occupation to another, but I should say that in becoming a successful fishmonger a former coachman of Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell's has established something of a record.

January Spring.

The springlike weather is relieving the coal situation greatly. The Ministry of Food, however, is quietly maintaining its arrangements for feeding the country in the event of a Labour disturbance and interruption of railway traffic.

Cuck-oo!

The claimant to having heard the cuckoo is with us extraordinarily early this year. A lady writes from Cornwall that she heard it distinctly last week. What is happening to the seasons, anyhow?



Let JARDOX Help Your Work

You can't work efficiently when cold or "fagged out." Keep Jardox and boiling water within reach and you have the means for a stimulating, energising, warming drink always at hand. Thus Jardox will keep your mind clear and your body fresh and vigorous.

Jardox is a highly concentrated Beef Tea made only from the finest British Beef. Its flavour is quite distinctive—just like good home-made Beef Tea.



JARDOX

Real Beef Tea with Real Beef Flavour.

Because Jardox is absolutely pure and non-irritant to the digestive organs it is used exclusively in the leading hospitals.

Ask your Chemist or Grocer for a Jar to-day.

Jardox in Jars: 1 oz. 6d., 2 oz. 11d., 4 oz. 1s. 8 oz. 3s. 16 oz. 5s. 3. Jardox in Cubes: 1d. each, or six in a box for 6d.

JARDOX, Ltd., Crystal Palace Works, London, S.E.20

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY
M. AYRES



Meg Ross.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, marries **JEFFRY STAFFORD**, a strong, determined man, whom she loves.

LAURIE ROSS, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

ALLISON LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.

LESLIE STAFFORD—A young man who had at one time been adopted by Jeffry Stafford, from whom he had taken his name.

Meg, in a state of semi-delirium, is about to leave her house, when her husband opportunely arrives upon the scene.

RECOVERING CONSCIOUSNESS.

I HAVE only a confused impression of what happened after that moment.

I suppose I must have been more ill than I had realised, for beyond a sense of falling, and of arms that lifted me and carried me, everything was a blank until I opened my eyes to the light and warmth of the drawing-room fire upstairs again and found Mrs. Fryer bending over me.

Someone had taken off my coat and my shoes, and someone was chafing my hands, and I thought for a minute that I caught a glimpse of Jeffry's face before I turned my own away and closed my eyes.

And then for a long, long time—afterwards they told me it was weeks—I remember nothing save occasionally rousing and falling asleep again, and dreaming—queer, absurd dreams that held no possible meaning—and of being fed as if I were a child, and of indistinct voices round me, and once the sound of somebody crying; but everything was blurred and huddled together like the bits of coloured glass at the bottom of a kaleidoscope.

And once a voice seemed to separate itself from all the other confusion, and say:—

"If there was only something that would rouse her." And I smiled to myself, wondering that they should think me so foolish as to want to rouse myself, and that I should know when it was so much easier to lie quite still and sleep—and dream.

And then one morning I seemed to lie awake for quite a long time—long enough to see that there was sunshine in the room, and a big rug of daisies on the window-sill, and that a man was sitting in the chair beside my bed, his elbows resting on his knees and his face buried in his hands.

I lay and looked at him for quite a long time, and I thought how like Jeffry Stafford he was, only, of course, it could not be he, but the more I looked at him the stronger the likeness grew, till at last I tried to put out my hand and touch the sleeve of his coat, only I had no power to move, and I gave a little inarticulate cry, and the man looked up sharply.

But the dream faded then, and I went to sleep again. The next time I realised anything clearly it was evening, and there was a dim light in the room and the soft crackling of a wood fire, and the same man's figure sitting in a chair beside it, and this time I could see his face quite clearly and it was Jeffry's face, only so much older and more lined than I had remembered it and his hair so much grayer.

Again I tried to find my voice to speak to him, but my voice seemed to have gone as well as the strength of my limbs, and the weak

once more to raise myself from beneath her restraining hand, and when she pushed me back again gently I began to sob—weak, helpless sobs, that seemed to frighten her, for she promised hastily that if I would be very good and lie quiet she would fetch Mrs. Fryer. So I promised, and she went away, leaving the door a little way open.

THE UNASKED QUESTION.

AND then as I waited, trembling in every limb, I heard voices outside the door—one a man's, I am sure, and the other Mrs. Fryer's, speaking softly but very earnestly.

"I beg of you not to go to her. Let me see her first."

And then she came in and the door was shut again.

She crossed over to my bed, and drew a chair close up beside me and smiled into my quivering face.

"Well, dear?" she said gently, just as if nothing had happened and I had said good-night to her in the ordinary way only a few hours ago, and I broke out:—

"Tell me what has happened? . . . I know I've been ill—tell me what has happened?"

"If you promise to lie still, Meg," she said, "No, shut your eyes and lie still, still, or I shall have to go away."

I obeyed then, and she held my hands very gently in hers and began to speak in her slow, soft voice that soothed my shaken nerves.

"You were going out of the flat one night—after your brother died—and you fainted. You have been very ill since then, Meg—we thought you were going to die—it is now if you will promise not to worry—"

I opened my eyes heavily. "Am I—I am I, divorced?" I asked.

"No, no—don't think of it, Meg!" she said, though she tried hard to control it, and she answered vehemently:—

"No—no—don't think of it, Meg!"

"I've been here so long," I said, trying hard to control my thoughts. "I thought perhaps there would have been time."

There is no thought of such a thing in anyone's mind," she insisted firmly.

I laughed at that. That is what you say to try and comfort me—but I know different."

"And I wish it was all over, so that I should not have to face it again."

"You will never have to face it," she said.

"Forget it, Meg; it's all been like a bad dream."

She got up from her chair and raised the blind a little further so that the sunshine poured into the room like a golden ladder.

"It's a good omen, dear," she told me. "It's going to be such a lovely spring. Meg, do you know what month it is?"

"No."

"It's April," she told me, "and such a lovely April! Aren't you longing to go down into the country and see the primroses and the green fields? We're going to take you as soon as ever you are well enough to move."

"Who—who will take me?" I asked, and the chill of a bitter disappointment swept through me as she said:—

"Mary and I are all ready. Mary is longing to see you; she has been so devoted all this time."

I turned my face away. It could only have been a dream then that I had seen Jeffry in the room; I ought to have known how unlikely it would really be.

But there was one more question I felt I must ask.

"Laurie?" I whispered.

She turned her face away, not answering, and I said drearily, "Of course—it must be all . . . weeks ago now."

Then I suppose I fell into a sort of semi-conscious doze again, but though I had no smallest wish in all the world to live I was not apparently going to be allowed to die, for with each day I knew I gained a little in strength, till at last I was able to sit up with lots of pillows behind me, and then for the first time I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the long wardrobe glass, and for a moment I stared with horror before I said incredulously:—

"And is that—me?"

The nurse who was sitting with me said:—

"You look wonderfully well now to what you did a week ago," she said.

The feeble tears welled into my eyes; I could not believe that the ghost with the shorn head and eyes like saucers was really me!

"I wish you had let me die," I said with a sob.

She laughed at that. "Nonsense! You mustn't be so vain! But it's a good sign—the most cheering sign you have given us for a long time."

I nestled down again amongst the pillows so that the glass was no longer in my line of vision.

"I wonder what the highest bid would be for me now," I said with weary bitterness.

She did not understand what I meant, of course, but she evidently repeated my words to Mrs. Fryer, for that night when she came to sit with me while nurse was out she said gently:—

"Meg, there is someone you have never asked a single question about yet, dear."

I shut my eyes, unable to bear even her gentle gaze.

"If you mean Leslie Stafford, I hope he is dead," I said fiercely. "I only want to forget that I ever saw him or heard his name."

"I was not thinking of him," she answered.

There was an eloquent silence, and my heart began to beat painfully.

"There is nobody else in all the world in whom I am the least bit interested," I said in a hard voice.

"Nobody, Meg?"

"Nobody," I repeated, though my voice

trembled a little. "Nobody I would open my eyes to see," I added.

She made no reply, and after a little while I was driven to say:—

"Why did you ask me that question?"

"Because Nurse Jackson told me of something you said this morning about the highest bidder. I knew what you meant, Meg, though she did not, and I thought . . . I hoped . . ."

"There's nothing to think of or hope," I interrupted angrily.

How dared she speak to me of Jeffry! I turned my face away, and would not speak to her again that night.

"WHERE IS MR. STAFFORD?"

BUT the next day when Mary was with me, and I was sitting in the chair by the fire for a little, I tried to make her speak of my husband. I am sure she must have known what I wanted her to tell me, but she so carefully avoided any allusion to him, because she had been told to, I suppose, that at last I broke out half angrily, half in tears:—

"Anyone would think I am not quite right in my head the way you all treat me. Do you think I'm such a poor thing that I can't bear to be told a few things? Surely it's my business, if it's anyone's, to know where . . . where Mr. Stafford is."

Poor Mary! The colour rose in her face and she looked towards the door in deep distress.

"They forbade me to speak of him," she said. "They made me promise I would not mention his name."

My heart gave a quick little leap of fear. "You mean that—that something dreadful has happened to him?" I asked, and my lips were like ice.

She answered me eagerly. "Oh, no, no! not that, but . . ."

"He's gone away—abroad again?" I asked painfully, and again she shook her head.

I sat forward, the colour beating into my face. "Don't sit there like that, unless you want to drive me mad!" I said hysterically. "If you

will tell me what I want to know I'll—I'll . . . go and find Mrs. Fryer and make her tell me."

I flung back the rug from my knees with a trembling hand preparatory to putting my words into action, but Mary caught my arm and held me.

"No, no, my dear! Oh, I beg of you! You'll only be ill again! There, there! I'll tell you—I promise I will, if only you'll sit still!"

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The opening instalment of "The Way of a Woman," a new and fascinating serial by Sidney Warwick, will appear on Saturday, January 31. Order your "Daily Mirror" in advance.

tears trickled down my face, though I did not know why, as, with a half sigh, the man rose and walked away from me into the shadow.

After that it seemed that I was quite often awake though whenever anyone came near me or spoke I shut my eyes at once and pretended to sleep.

I did not want to talk—it was too much effort. I did not want to speak or be questioned, and I tried—oh, I tried so hard not to think at all.

But the sun seemed to shine every morning now, and there were always flowers in my window, and once—when the window was open a little way—I could hear the tiny little London sparrows twittering to one another on the roof overhead.

And I thought "I wish it was spring!" and then I wondered if by any chance it could be—and then for the first time I allowed myself to think, and my heart grew cold as I realised all that lay in the past behind me and what little lay ahead in the future.

I was alone in the room then, and I tried to raise myself from the pillows, but I was too weak, and as I fell back again the door opened and a woman in nurse's dress came in.

She glanced at me casually. Then I saw her face change a little and she hurried forward.

She took a glass from a table at the bedside and tried to make me drink something, but I turned my head feebly away.

"How long—how long have I been here—like this?" I asked, and my voice sounded faint and hollow, as if it came from the bottom of a long tube, and she answered gently:—

"Some time now—but you are much better. You will soon be well. Try and sleep and don't worry."

But it was absurd to tell me such a thing! I felt the blood rushing to my face as I struggled

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

In the name of
Health & Beauty
use one of *Pearls*
Golden Series



TO REGULATE THE LIVER SO IT NEEDS NO DRUGGING.

"Stop dosing all the year round with strong, habit-forming and liver-irritating cathartic drugs. Instead, try this more natural and lasting way. Then you can soon forget you have a liver," says Alfred Shrubbs, Champion Runner and Holder of Nine World's Records.

If a drug is so powerful that a few grains will irritate the liver or bowels to violent convulsive action, it is powerful enough to do other even less desirable things. It is like whipping a tired horse, and the use of strong cathartic stimulants can only be followed by

weakening reactions which call for constantly stronger doses. I am also convinced that greasing the intestines by dosing with oils which hasten the passage of food but prevent the thousands of absorbent glands from acting upon it to extract nourishment is another common but very serious mistake. Like any other filter, the liver should be thoroughly flushed out and cleansed occasionally. It

secretes about one and three-quarter pints of bile daily. Any congestion or obstruction of the ducts and consequent derangement of the bile flow will give rise to one or more of such troubles as biliousness, headaches, lassitude, stomach trouble, rheumatism, skin diseases, coated tongue, fetid breath, and a host of other disorders, some of them seldom attributed to a disordered liver. Call body poisons whatever you like, germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric or stomach acids, etc., etc., but they are all simply impurities and form the primary cause of most diseases. Few will doubt the truth of this, but if any sufferer from the above ailments does feel sceptical, he can easily get rid of his doubts and his ailments at the same time by thoroughly flushing his system a few times with the strongly alkaline water produced by adding Alkalia Saltrates to plain water. There is no need of visiting some expensive hot alkaline spring to free the system of impurities. Simply invest in some of the Alkalia Saltrates compound which any chemist can supply at little cost. A teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of water, taken two or three times a day for a week or so, should be all you need. It has no bitter, salty, sour or otherwise unpleasant taste. (Advt.)

Do you suffer from Constipation?

If you do, get a flask of Bisuroids from the chemists. These little tablets are pleasant to the taste, and they quickly and gently coax the bowels into normal, healthy action. The price is 3/- a flask, and every package contains a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Do you suffer from headaches and biliousness?

IF SO TAKE BISUROIDS

WHEN THE CHILDREN COUGH, RUB ST. JACOBS OIL ON THROATS AND CHESTS.

It Breaks Up Congestion and Brings Quickest Relief Known.

No telling how soon the symptoms may develop, if neglected, into croup or pneumonia. You will never regret having that bottle of old, honest St. Jacobs Oil handy. The moment you use it, it quickly loosens up coughs and colds in throat or chest—instant relief from pain, soreness, or stiffness follows.

As first aid and a certain remedy for Chest Colds, Sore Throat, Bruises, Backache, etc., there's nothing like St. Jacobs Oil. Thousands of mothers know this.

Rub the soothing, penetrating Oil wherever the pain is, and relief comes like magic. Get a small bottle from your chemist to-day. (Advt.)

CONSUMPTION.

If you are suffering from this supposedly incurable disease, send to-day for a Free Sample or a larger supply, on the "No cure, no pay" principle, of the only remedy that has ever been known to cure Consumption in its advanced stages, and it has been proved in the High Courts of Justice, King's Bench Division, to have cured many such cases. Full particulars post free on request. Only address—Chas. H. Stevens, 204, Worple-road, Wimbledon, London, S.W. 19.

For Home Workers

DAINTY DESIGNS FOR DEFT FINGERS.



A bunch of silken apples makes a pleasing relief for this scalloped-edged frock of black velvet.

OSTRICH feather fronds which have gone straight and lank can be made fresh and curling by carefully drawing each frond and gently taking it along the back edge of a silver fruit knife.

A BRIGHT-HUED humpty gives a cheerful appearance to the sitting-room. The clever woman will make this pretty and useful household adornment in her home sewing-room. Stuff a round-shaped bag of felt with flock until it is firm and then cover with a pretty piece of chintz. A fairly wide piece of bright-coloured velvet fastened firmly round the middle makes a charming finishing touch.

A SIMPLE HEADRESS for evening wear can be made by the girl whose hobby is pen painting. On a narrow band of black corded ribbon paint tiny sprays of violets. Wound round the hair and fastened invisibly at back, the result will prove most pleasing.

THOSE ODDMENTS of ribbon or pretty-coloured chamoise and satin left over in the making of a dainty afternoon or evening gown can easily be made into the fruit decorations which are so fashionable for hat trimming just now. A small ball of cotton wool should be neatly covered with silk. Two French knots worked in contrasting colour at top and bottom give the appearance of apples.



An upturned brim and a hanging tassel give a demure touch to this navy suede cap.



A tuft of saxe ostrich feather fronds makes charming this windy-weather toque of nigger panne.



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office, Jan. 28.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

At last I have picked out the winners in our great "panto" competition and to-day I am sending off some of the tickets. In addition to the various theatres mentioned before, six seats for "Peter Pan" at the New Theatre have been kindly placed at my disposal by Lady Wyndham and Mr. Dion Boucicault.

It has not been easy to select the winners—all of you sent such splendid letters that I look forward to your letters telling me how you enjoyed yourselves at the various pantomimes.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

"PANTO." PRIZEWINNERS.

New Theatre, London.—"Peter Pan." Double tickets will be sent to: Audrey Selby, Walter Chard, Gerald Draper. Matinee performance, Friday, January 30.
Hippodrome, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—"Cinderella." Double tickets will be sent to: Fred Mitchell, Ernest Galloway, Louisa Bowe, Jack Fairman, Olive Tunnicliffe, Muriel Baynes, Charles Leach, Charles Douglas, Shelia Fell, George Gibson. Matinee performance, Tuesday, Feb. 10.
Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool.—Double tickets will be sent to the following: Leslie Johnstone, Frederick Hart, Phyllis Holmes. Matinee, Wednesday, February 4.
Gwen Lewis, Gerald Watson, Vincent Byrne. Matinee, Saturday, February 7.

(Further prizewinners to-morrow.)

A DANGEROUS SITUATION—MY PETS TO THE RESCUE.



While out the other day Pip and Squeak found a youngster who was afraid to cross the road. They quickly went to the rescue and received as reward—a bag of caramels.



No. 20.—Jack and Ralph in the Cannibals' Stronghold.

FOR some time the cannibals continued dancing round their prisoners, uttering weird cries and flinging their arms high in the air.

Meanwhile the big chief stood glaring at the two boys, every now and again giving a grunt of pleasure. At last he shouted some command and the dancing suddenly ceased.

Two of the savages marched up to Ralph and, seizing him, they flung him on their shoulders. Jack was treated in the same way, and then the strange procession started on its journey.

The tropical sun was blazing down from a cloudless sky and Jack's throat felt parched and sore. They were travelling over very rough country, and it was not long before the savages halted.

The two who were carrying Jack, after lowering him roughly to the ground, walked up to their chief and began talking excitedly.

Jack looked over towards his friend, who was lying in a huddled heap. "Cheer up, old man," he whispered; "we'll manage to escape before long." But Ralph did not seem to hear.

When the two savages returned they quickly undid the ropes that bound their captives' legs, and for the rest of the journey Jack found himself forced to walk.

His limbs were stiff and cramped, but his captors had no mercy. One of them, holding a large spear, marched just behind the boy, and Jack knew it would be useless to make a dash for freedom.

At last, when he felt he could go no further, the savages halted again. Suddenly there were shouts from the forest, and scores of other cannibals rushed out to join their comrades. And then Jack realised that they were in the cannibals' stronghold.

(To-morrow: In Front of the Chief.)

Healing

by the Zam-Buk method has entirely displaced the use of ointments and salves composed of poisonous mineral drugs and animal fats which turn rancid. Zam-Buk is acknowledged to be the most scientific and most reliable preparation yet discovered for skin troubles. The pure herbal extracts from which Zam-Buk is made are so highly refined and so perfectly blended together as to ensure a healer which is one hundred per cent. medicine. As a

Soothing

and healing agent, Zam-Buk stands in a class by itself. Whether it be used for a Cut, Burn, or a Scald in the kitchen—the common lot of housewife and maid—or for the children when Ringworm and other infectious skin troubles are about, or for Eczema, Pimples, Ulcers, Poisoned Wounds, Piles, or any irritable or inflamed condition of the skin, Zam-Buk is always a safe, sure and swift remedy. The wonderful

Antiseptic

and germicidal qualities that have made Zam-Buk so famous ensure a wound or sore being perfectly cleansed before it heals up. There is no danger of poison or disease being locked in, such as occurs when coarse ointments are used.

No common ointment or salve can possibly do the same good as Zam-Buk, which is the product of many years' scientific research and experiment by the world's leading chemists. No wonder Zam-Buk is popularly described as "The World's Greatest Healer."



Zam-Buk is sold only in sealed boxes at 3/-, or smaller size at 1/3, of all Chemists. Same price direct from The Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds. Don't be out of luck with any substitute.

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KING**

'BUMPITEER' KNOCKS OUT 'L.C.C. FLASH'

Exciting Combat on the Thames Embankment.

ALWAYS COUNTED OUT.

There is a lamppost at the corner of the Embankment (behind which lies the Temple Gardens) which is always being knocked down; it met its usual fate yesterday.

And the "right hook to the point" by which Billy Wells beat Harry Reeve was far outdistanced in the lightning open-air fight that marked yesterday's adventure.

There was no finessing, feinting or sparring at a slow pace, nor did the competitors stop to shake hands before the contest.

The two competitors, Bombardier Bumpiteer, well known in the heavy-weight class as a motor-car capable of extreme, excessive speed, and L.C.C. Flash, the light-weight lamppost, with the wonderful smile, that so often confounds his adversaries and puts them off their guard, faced each other.

Adopting his usual rushing tactics, Bombardier Bumpiteer dealt his adversary a real workman's punch, what is known in America as "a sure sleep producer."

With a few backward steps L.C.C. Flash slithered slowly to the ground, his face, battered almost beyond recognition, grovelling among the mounds of dust of the gutter.

Even the appearance of the seconds, two stalwart policemen armed to the teeth with notebooks and the unfeeling remarks of a minute errand boy failed to rouse him.

In his fallen glory he lay prostrate, while the Bombardier glided slowly to the opposite side of the road, where he stood contentedly surveying his conquered adversary.

"A READY TARGET."

Bombardier Triumphantly Surveys His Fallen Adversary.

"Calls himself a fighter, 'e does," was the comment of a road-sweeper. "E gets knocked out regular once every month."

A spasmodic movement and a deep groan came from the prostrate one.

"Life is a bore," L.C.C. Flash told *The Daily Mirror*. "Here am I, a willing lamppost, only anxious to light the weary on their homeward path, in trouble again. I don't know why I'm put here at all. Between you and me, I'm really not necessary."

"I shouldn't mind even joining the ranks of the unemployed for a time, for my present job is not at all a pleasant one."

"Those heavy-weight taxicabs and motors won't leave me alone, and I ask you what chance has a light-weight against them?" and with a deep sigh he dropped once more into profound meditation.

There is perhaps only one thing with which the fallen L.C.C. Flash may find a small degree of comfort. Undoubtedly he is one of the most expensive lampposts which the citizens of London have to maintain.

Anything up to a £10 note was the estimated price given for putting to rights a fallen lamppost.

The position of a lamppost whose upkeep costs nearly £120 per annum is surely unique even in these days of expensive living.

SEASIDE EXCURSIONS?

National Sunday League Secretary Does Not Abandon Hope.

It is possible that those who expected that the pre-war excursion trains to the seaside would be resumed this summer will be disappointed.

Inquiring yesterday at the offices of the National Sunday League, which was said to be negotiating with the railway companies to this end, *The Daily Mirror* was told that the news is "unofficial and premature."

"We have not been in communication with the Railway Executive," said the secretary, "but we have approached several companies to find out if they could give the cheaper travelling facilities the public needs, and so far we have had no success. But we do not give up hope," he added.

AN "AUDACIOUS" DEMAND.

Officials Request Bonus in Week After Receiving Increases—16s. in £ Rates?

"It is becoming unbearable to think that well-paid officials should have the audacity to ask for another increase," said Alderman H. Osborne at a meeting of the East Ham Town Council.

Mr. Osborne's remark was the result of an application for a bonus grant under Civil Service Award No. 101 to be applied to council officials.

Only a week ago the council granted bonuses to officials under Civil Service Award No. 84, and Mr. Osborne described the new application as an insult to an intelligent town council.

He also stated that East Ham was faced with a rate of "quite 16s. in the £" for the next half-year. The application was rejected, only four members voting for it.

Try it yourself!



A New Fish

Guaranteed by Angus Watson.

You want a change, something different, something you have not had before, but you don't know what to try. Here is a new food, guaranteed by Angus Watson, proprietors of "Skippers." In Jack Tar King Fish you will find a complete change, and an economical and appetising food, and at less cost than Canned Salmon.

King Fish is the latest addition to the guaranteed Canned Foods offered by Angus Watson & Co., Limited. King Fish is a steak of choice California Tuna, without bone or skin, ready to eat, and delicious served as it is, or made into sandwiches or salads. It resembles the meat of Chicken in appearance and flavour.

Ask your Grocer to-day for



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If he does not stock it send 1/2, with his name and address, and we will send you a can, post free.

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See the name "Cadbury"
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MADE AT BOURNVILLE

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

A BETTER Selection of Motor Lorries for Sale; all well-known makes; for 15 cwt. to 5 ton loads; new and used; for Cash or Monthly Payments. Inspect Worthmore's, 24, Victoria-street, London, S.W. 1, and at Cathedral House, Long Millgate, Manchester.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CURE for Deafness has been discovered which is sure and certain in results; everybody's opportunity—Full particulars of D. Clifton, 13, Broad-st. Hill, London, E.O. 4.

BLACKHEADS positively cleared off like magic, by Lavastic Lotion; 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.—Knowles, 44, Broad-castle-street, London, S.E.

FRAMSHAYAM Cigarettes, Amber-Perfumed; De-lightful, mild aroma. Remindful of the Mysterious Charms, Visions and Alluring Sweetness of the romantic East. For sample box call, or send P.O., stamps or cheque for 1s. 3d. (for large box 4s. 6d.) to F. and J. Fabian, Fram Cig. Mfg. (Dept. D.M.), 74, New Bond-st., London, W.

GOITRE and Tumours Quickly Cured without operation; 2 particular testimonials and advice free—Willard Duncan, M.H. Specialist, 44, Broadway, Gray's.

Is your hair falling out? If so, it is due to some disease or disorder which must be properly diagnosed and treated. Send one day's hair combings for free diagnosis and particulars of treatment for your case to Mr. J. Harper Roberts, M.S.P., Specialist for Diseases of the Hair, 14, Wimpole-st., Rushmore, Manchester; also at Liverpool.

LOOK Young—Guaranteed self-home treatment; cures Wrinkles and restores natural colouring; parties free, or Quota and full instructions, 6s.—Direct Supply Co., 31, St. Anne-chambers, Ludgate-hill, London.

TRUNKS and suit cases, strong second-hand and new, leather or canvas; zinc-lined trunks for Colonies; wardrobe trunks; all sizes at pre-war prices—Anglo-American Trunk Association (manufacturers), 52, Strand, W.C. (opposite Charing Cross Hospital), and 112, Southampton-row, W.C. (next door to post office).

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.

HANDSOMEST, best Singing, Breeding Canaries; world; approval; list free; Talking Parrots; Specialist, Norwich.

Daily Mirror

Thursday, January 29, 1920.

K.O. BY HEAVYWEIGHT.



This lamppost, situated near Temple Gardens, on the Embankment, was in conflict for the "umpteenth" time yesterday, when it met a heavy-weight car, with the above result. It costs about £10 to restore after each "knock-out," which usually occurs at least once a month.



PLUCKY LIFEBOATMEN.—Coxswain G. Knight (left) and Second Coxswain E. Smith (right), of the Rossington Lifeboat, who have been awarded the silver medal of the R.N. Lifeboat Institution for the gallant rescue of the crew of a sailing smack which became stranded on the Newcombe Sands.

MR. ASQUITH CRITICISES GOVERNMENT WASTE.



Mr. Asquith facing the electors of Paisley at the Central Wesleyan Hall, where he made a piquant speech rebutting what he called "gross personal charges" against himself and severely criticising the financial extravagance of the Government. The election promises to be most interesting.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



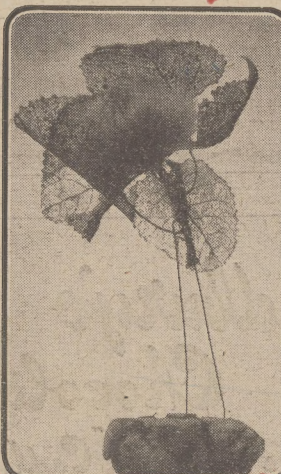
FOLLOWING IN DADDY'S FOOTSTEPS.—The little son of the late F. Cullen, the well-known jockey, on his favorite mount. He shares to the full his father's love of a gallop.



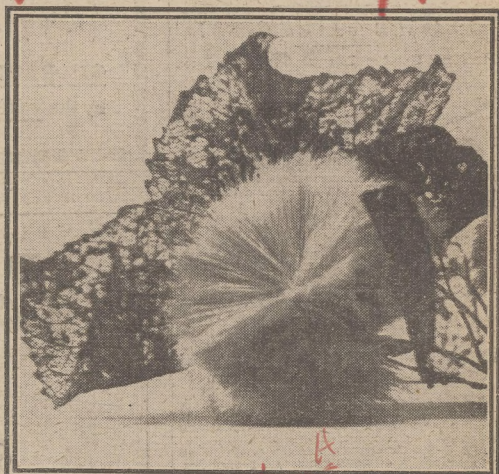
UNUSUAL DIVORCE CASE.—Mrs. Whiting, whose husband applied for dissolution of marriage, gained as co-respondent a man in an asylum.



Mrs. Sainthill preparing plumage for the Horticultural Exhibition.



Poplar leaves and twigs down.



With the addition of tulle down, the leaves are decorative.

"OSPREY PLUMES FROM SNAILS." The barbarous old method of getting osprey plumage from the living egret at the mating period, when its plumage is at its best, has been superseded by the humanitarian discovery of Mrs. Sainthill, a Chelsea woman. She

has discovered that poplar leaves, skeletonised by a special kind of hungry snail and hardened by gilding or bronzing, make an admirable substitute for the decoration of hats, etc. She has established a snail farm for the purpose.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)